

PENNSYLVANIA'S
VERSE



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PENNSYLVANIA'S VERSE

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one thousand copies, of which
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No. **227**



CHARLES CUSTIS HARRISON, '62 C.
PROVOST OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PENNSYLVANIA'S VERSE

EDITED BY

WILLIAM OTTO MILLER, '04

“What are our poets, take them as they fall;
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
Them and their works in the same class you'll find,—
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PHILADELPHIA

PRINTED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY



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BY
WILLIAM OTTO MILLER

Published December, 1902

TO
MY FELLOW STUDENTS OF THE
CLASS OF NINETEEN-FOUR
THIS VOLUME
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFATORY NOTE



It is with feelings not unmingled with pleasure that this little book makes its bow before an audience of Pennsylvanians. The rôle to which it is assigned has as its motive the desire to re-present Pennsylvania to her sons; to recall a happy pilgrimage through her borders; to touch again, lightly and tenderly, those chords whose response gives the best and noblest ideals and purposes to our lives. If in any small measure this be accomplished, it makes a grateful courtesy.

Before criticism's blue pencil begins to disparage, a word of explanation may be advanced, in justice both to the book itself and to those who so kindly consented to make its publication possible. The verse included does not represent, in many instances, its writer's best effort, but *every line has at some time or other appeared in an undergraduate publication of the University*. This fact alone explains the nature of the collection. If to some it seems

“To steer

From grave to gay, from lively to severe,”

this remains to be said; even in that phase it is true to the varied interests of the University.

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Prefatory Note

A source of encouragement in collecting the material lay in the interest manifested by both alumni and undergraduates. The editor owes a debt of gratitude to many friends for suggestions and help, especially so to Dr. Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94, for his valued advice and assistance. The periodicals from which verses were taken are: *The Pennsylvanian*, *The Red and Blue*, *The Punch Bowl*, *The University Magazine*, *The University Literary*, *The Senior Record*, *Chaff*, *Ben Franklin*, *The University Song-Book*, *The Zelosophic Magazine*, *The College*, *The University News*, *The University Courier*, and *The University*; the earliest of these to which access was had being No. 5, Vol. II, of the *Zelosophic Magazine*, which appeared in June, 1834.

WILLIAM OTTO MILLER.

THE DORMITORIES,
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA,
December 1, 1902.

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ON THE COLLEGE STEPS

HAIL, PENNSYLVANIA!

Edgar Meck Dilley, '97

HAIL, Pennsylvania!
Noble and strong,
To thee with loyal hearts
We raise our song.
Swelling to Heaven loud,
Our praises ring;
Hail, Pennsylvania!
Of thee we sing.

Majesty as a crown
Rests on thy brow,
Pride, Honor, Glory, Love,
Before thee bow.
Ne'er can thy spirit die,
Thy walls decay;
Hail, Pennsylvania!
For thee we pray.

Hail, Pennsylvania!
Guide of our youth,
Lead thou thy children on
To light and truth;
Thee, when death summons us,
Others shall praise;
Hail, Pennsylvania!
Through endless days.

Pennsylvania's Verse

BEN FRANKLIN, ESQ.

Charles Irvin Junkin, '77

IN days of old, as we are told,
There lived a man named Ben :
A Friend was he—and so are we—
To Pennsylvania men.

CHORUS.

Ben Franklin was his name,
And not unknown to fame ;
The founder first was he
Of the Universitee.

A ready blade, he often made
Ingenious little toys ;
He built a kite, with great delight,
And shocked the little boys.

This ancient squire did then aspire
A public school to found ;
And with a dash he raised the cash
And bought a lot of ground.

[*Eighteen*]

On the College Steps

And then it grew as acorns do,
To be a mighty tree ;
And Benjamin since then has been
Of great celebritee.

And now we raise our song of praise
To good old Father Ben :
A Friend was he—and so are we—
To Pennsylvania men.

POEM ON VISITING THE ACADEMY
OF PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1753

*William Smith**

HEAVENS! how my heart beat rapture to behold
The little heroes, decent, graceful, bold,
The Rostrum mount, with British ardor warmed,
And by the sacred soul of glory charmed.
With hand outstretched, roll tingling from their tongue
Sage truths of justice, freedom, right, and wrong,
In numerous periods sweeter than my song.
Oh, how the sires glowed round and fed their eyes,
Fixed on their darling sons in sweet surprise;
Oh, how the sons were smit with conscious fires
In the animating presence of their sires.

* Afterwards first Provost of University.

THE RED AND BLUE

Arthur Spayd Brooke, '97

ENCLOSED within, a riband find,
A simple web of silk entwined,
A fillet, rich in no device
Of beauty, thought, or skill, or price,
Whereon two common colors glow
Of cochineal and indigo.
A few cocoons, a drop of dye—
But who can know what there may lie
To strengthen arm and kindle eye?

And who discover
What potent charm doth there reside?
What pow'r these feeble fibres hide,
Attracting, time and space defied,
From loyal hearts on every side,
Defence and love and trust and pride
The wide world over?

This riband holds a hundred years
Of hope and triumph, strife and fears;
Of sturdy will to toil and strain,
Of lofty heart and subtle brain;
Of wisdom, learning, scope, combined—
Extreme achievements of the mind—
With strength of arm in sturdy play,

[*Twenty-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

And courage in the mimic fray,
Where vict'ry points that ensign's way ;
 And should you bear it,
You bear the best of manly thought,
And art and knowledge dearly bought,
And lives and battles bravely fought,
Truth, faith and virtue purely sought,
Success and honor sternly wrought.
 Be proud to wear it !

THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON

S. Weir Mitchell, '48

God of the nations! Thou whose hand
Led forth their best across the sea,
To find in this unfettered land
Thy largest gift—the soul set free,

Bless Thou the land Thy bounty gave!
Thy feeble few are grown a host;
From eastern sea to western wave,
Blest be their homes from coast to coast.

Give them Thy peace, but if arrayed
Once more against some evil power
They draw again a righteous blade,
Be with them in the battle hour!

As when upon the Cuban deep
The thunder of our cannon spoke,
And from sad centuries of sleep
The stately form of Freedom woke.

Remembering him we praise to-day,
Hushed is the mighty roar of trade,
And, pausing on its ardent way,
A nation's homage here is laid,

[*Twenty-three*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Where, on the great Virginian's grave,
Look down the new-born century's eyes,
And by his loved Potomac wave
In God's long rest, His soldier lies.

A hundred years have naught revealed
To blot this manhood's record high,
"That blazoned duty's stainless shield
And set a star in honour's sky."

In self-approval firm, his life
Serenely passed through darkest days;
In calm or storm, in peace or strife,
Unmoved by blame, unstirred by praise.

No warrior pride disturbed his peace,
Nor place, nor gain. He loved his fields,
His home, the chase, his land's increase,
The simple life that nature yields.

And yet for us all man could give
He gave, with that which never dies,
The gift through which great nations live,
The lifelong gift of sacrifice.

With true humility he learned
The game of war, the art of rule;
And, calmly patient, slowly earned
His competence in life's large school.

[*Twenty-four*]

On the College Steps

Well may we honour him who sought
To live with one unfailing aim,
And found at last, unasked, unbought,
In duty's path, the jewel—fame!

Ay! Keep your laurels green for him,
And that great memory proudly guard,
Lest time's mere repetition dim
A grateful nation's high award!

Thus, mindful of a faithful past,
We arm us for our present need,
Lest factious storms his harvest blast,
And freedom, overgrown, exceed;

For that dark race our arms set free
Waits justice from our timid sway,
And those far islands of the sea
In freedom's school must win their way.

Ay! We are lords of many lands,
And soon or late may sadly learn
That history, with impartial hands,
Will give us only what we earn.

Oh, teach us to not lightly hold
The freeman's right himself to rule,
And not from sloth, and not for gold,
To be the civic despot's fool:

[*Twenty-five*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

For He who girded us with power,
And gave us strength to do the right,
Will ask us, in His own stern hour,
“How have ye used the gift of might?”

Since, till this harried earth shall gain
The heaven of Thy peace, O Lord!
Freedom and Law will need to reign
Beneath the shadow of the sword.

O Thou, who bade us seek and find,
Teach us to seek with humble art
Through laws of the Eternal Mind
The wisdom of the Eternal Heart:

Lo! science on her soaring wing
To heights we dream not now, shall move,
Until her broad horizons bring
Thy larger morn of boundless love.

Thus from the childhood of the soul
We grow toward manhood's stature still,
To see at last the years unroll
The Gospel of the Master's will.

Hail! Gracious Mother! Thou whose youth
Sent forth a brood of sturdy men
Who stood for freedom and for truth,
And used the sword to free the pen.

[*Twenty-six*]

On the College Steps

Still ever in thy learned walls
The will, the wish, the vigour live!
Ay ready, if our country calls,
To meet what fate may duty give.

Almighty Father! Bless that home
Of youthful hopes and honest strife;
Wherever these Thy children roam,
Be Thou their stay in death and life.

That when with years they bring us here
The simple tale of service done,
Or victories to a nation dear,
Or triumphs peaceful lives have won,

Here shall the mother, at whose knee
They heard the words that guide and guard,
Glad of her children, proudly see
In noble lives her best reward!

Pennsylvania's Verse

IN MEMORIAM *

Edwin Ford Schively, '80

SOLDIER of Christ! now lay thine armor down;
The Master calls thee, victory is thine:
For thee above there waits a deathless crown,
A fadeless diadem shall ever shine.

Not friends alone thy bitter loss deplore,
Nor in thy home does grief its limit find;
Thy generous life was loved from shore to shore,
The world thy mourner, as thy sphere mankind.

"Another useful life has passed away."
Vain weeper, hush! On high, in 'glorious song,
"Another saint called home," the angels say,
"Forever safe from earthly toil and wrong."

In ripest, fullest manhood called to part
From fame and friends, and all the world holds best;
Oh, noble, generous, loving, trustful heart,
God's faithful servant, enter into rest!

* Vice-Provost Charles P. Krauth, D.D., LL.D., died January 2, 1883, aged fifty-nine.

SONNET*

William Wilberforce Newton, '65

“WHAT mean ye by these stones?” ’Twas said of old,
As Israel’s children came upon the scene
Of struggle where their fathers’ foes had been,
And saw the outline of their deeds so bold,—
Better than heaps of hard-worn yellow gold,
The altar stones of service pure and clean,
The tokens sure of inner strength, I ween,
The sign of strife and victories untold!
Thus in an age when from the darkening skies
Of worldly impulse selfish ease bears sway,—
From greed and gain we turn away our eyes
And look upon that simpler earlier day
Wherein our fathers hewed with glad surprise
That corner-stone which now their children lay.

* On the opening of the new Library Building, February 7,
1891.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE PENNSYLVANIA GIRL

Edward W. Mumford, '89

If you've essayed to find the maid
More dear than all the rest,
You'll know her by the homage paid
By all who know her best.
You'll tell her by her bonny eye,
Her heart so warm and true ;
But first of all you'll know her by
The loyal red and blue.

CHORUS.

Of all that's best, from East to West,
She is the queen, the pearl,
The maid to whom our hearts are true,
The Pennsylvania Girl.
Of all that's rare, of all that's fair,
She is the queen, the pearl,
The maid who wears the red and blue,
The Pennsylvania Girl.

One color dyes her laughing eyes,
Her lips the other know ;
And just above her heart there lies
The dainty silken bow,

[*Thirty*]

On the College Steps

To show while there they rest enshrin'd
There's one who holds them fast,
Through good, through ill, till laurel-twined,
The colors wave at last.

And so while dear old Penn shall stand,
Among her loyal host,
From heart to heart throughout the land
Shall ring this triple toast:—
We'll hail the college undismay'd,
The fairest flag unfurl,
And with them pledge the sweetest maid,
The Pennsylvania Girl.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE SONGS OF PENN

Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94

SING a song of glory, boys, and make it loud and
strong,
Sing it as we used to sing it while we marched along,
Let the dear and honored name be ever in your song
Of Pennsylvania!

Pennsylv—Pennsylv—Pennsylvania,
Pennsylv—Pennsylv—Pennsylvania,
Pennsylv—Pennsylv—Pennsylvania,
Pennsylvania!

Throughout all our college life we've sung these songs
of Penn,
Sung them for her colors and her maidens and her
men;
We will sing the chorus till the echoes ring again
For Pennsylvania!

Every loyal son of Penn has sung them just the same,
Sung them through defeat and doubt until her triumph
came,
Sung them till the city streets were ringing with the
name
Of Pennsylvania!

[*Thirty-two*]

TO OUR MERCURY, "POMP"

Anonymous, '99

OH, favored scion of a race obscure,
Dread messenger of Jove's unchanging will,
To dark Plutonian doom conducting sure
The conscience-stricken shades condemned of ill;
How oft the drinkers at Pieria's rill
Suspend their peaceful pastimes in affright,
As to each heart thy footstep sends a thrill,
Bearing the fateful list their hopes to blight!
Or when, as guardian of the temple gates
Before those portals wide thou tak'st thy stand
To keep intruders from the inner shrine,
Upon thy word the crowd obedient waits,
As stayed Rome's ancient nobles on the hand
Of that renowned chief whose famous name is thine.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE CREW SONG *

Clayton Fotherall McMichael, '91.

I SING a song of rowing
On the waters deep and blue,—
A most exhilarating scene.
As through the waves we're going
With a brave and sturdy crew,
Our senses are both sharp and keen.
But the rowing that's most bracing,
All your weariness effacing,
Is when you're bravely racing
For the trophy that you dearly prize.

CHORUS.

There are staunch men true
In the old Yale blue;
There are loyal men from Harvard and from Prince-
ton, too.
But of all true men
Now within my ken,
There are none to me so dear as are the Sons of Penn.

* From "Old King Cole."

IN PENNSYLVANIA'S PRAISE

Edwards S. Dunn, '87

WHEN the band plays Annie Laurie,
Or ither Scottish lays,
We'll gie the pipes a skirling,
On Eighty-seven's Days.

We dinna ken the Gaelic,
Frae auld Drumtochty's braes,
But we maun rin wi' fashion
On Eighty-seven's Days.

And gin we're dry wi' singing
In Pennsylvania's praise,
Hot Scotch is unco soothing
On Eighty-seven's Days.

We hae nae muckle siller
To set the town ablaze,
But what we hae, we burn it
On Eighty-seven's Days.

Auld Mither Penn here's tae ye;
May a' the bairns ye raise
Gie ye the luve we're gieing
On Eighty-seven's Days.

HAPPY GHOSTS

Vincent B. Brecht, '98

THERE are spirits in these halls
 Evermore,
Lurking where the shadow falls,
Hov'ring round ancestral walls :
 And of yore
Phantom voices send their calls.

When the odored breath of spring
 On the breeze,
Makes the wintry crow take wing,
Echoes from the campus fling
 'Neath the trees
Spirit voices chattering.

Through the windows' open well,
 Breezes warm
Flit and hover like a spell ;
Once again the sounding swell,
 Like a charm,
Hangs about the chapel bell.

At that old familiar sound
 Of the past,
From each nook and corner round,
Leaping with a mighty bound,
 Crowding fast,
Comes a queer host, sable-gowned.

[*Thirty-six*]

On the College Steps

Through the long-aisled corridor,
Cap and gown,
Dancing merry capers o'er,
Forms go trooping down the floor,
Stealing down
From the long, dim halls of yore.

Hear each jolly fellow shout,
Mother Penn!
Frisk and caper in and out,
Chaffing all the phantom rout,
Shade of Ben!
Struggling in the merry bout!

Why such ghostly revels here?
Motley crew!
Rings a hollow, rolling cheer,
Loud and deep that thrills the ear,—
“Red and Blue!
Noble heroes! Glorious year!”

“Now we'll sleep like little men
In our graves.
Ho! we'll cheer them all again!
Rah! for these good sons of Penn,
Noble braves!
Would that we could live again.”

Then a cheer goes rolling down,
Loud and long,
'Neath the arches old and brown,
Like the thunder of Renown,
Swelling strong,
Rolling out across the town.

[*Thirty-seven*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Till the clangor of the bell,
Tolling high,
Bears a tremor in its swell,
Like some vague and dreamy knell,
Fain to die,
Which departure must compel.

Suddenly the clamor deep
Dies away.
One by one the phantoms creep
Back to drowsy halls of sleep
Far away—
And again the spirits sleep.

RONDEL

Edward Grier Fullerton, '83

HE is a very dark brunette,
This man of *Pomp* and circumstance;
He's playfully inclined, and yet
What solemn looks his charms enhance!

You greet him in the hall, perchance;
You ask him questions when you've met;
No answer to your words you get;
Naught but a gloomy look askance
Comes from this very dark brunette,
This man of *Pomp* and circumstance.

Though forty years have waned and set
Since first to college he did prance,
Naught has been learned by any chance
About this dark mysterious vet.;
And you have wondered oft, I'll bet,
Who are the sisters, cousins, aunts,
And family of this dark brunette,
This man of *Pomp* and circumstance.

Pennsylvania's Verse

IVY ODE, '89

Edward Christman Knight, '89

WIND of Summer, flushed with rose,
Through the leaves play hide and seek,
Blow whence rippling Schuylkill flows,
Cool each listening maiden's cheek,
Hush the city's fevered beat;
Still to-day's mad rush and roar,
Fill our souls with music sweet
From the "stately days of yore."

To-day, we turn to all the Past would teach;
Again we see that group of strong-browed men
Pacing in thoughtful converse to and fro;
Tom Lawrence, Masters, Allen, Taylor, Leech,
Cloud-ruling Franklin and the sons of Penn,
Pondering some weighty question as they go.

(For this was in our country's swaddling days,
When sceptred George ruled o'er the sundering foam,
Ere Freedom's tree shook down its ripening fruit,
And these, our fathers, sought the means and ways
To foster knowledge in that New World home,
And teach the "young idea" with grace to shoot.)

Then he, whose lightning-chains bind all mankind,
Our thunder-quelling Jove of later day,
With this portentous problem wrestled now;

[*Forty*]

On the College Steps

Till from the birth-throes of his mighty mind
The new-born college in her Quaker gray
Sprang forth, Minerva-like, from Franklin's brow.

Wind of Summer, soft recall
Pictures of the little maid
Hid in Whitfield's churchly hall;
Treading Learning's cloistered shade.
Firmer grew her trembling feet,
(Sturdy Smith her burdens bore;)
"Hopeful youths" she doth complete
Ere her years tell half a score.

Then sang war's clarion voice across the land,
Blowing the trumpet-blast of Liberty,
While rocking bells took up the clamor wild;
Till men, uprising 'neath Oppression's hand,
Hurled England backward to her northern sea,
And o'er th' embattled waves a new Republic smiled.

The infant college struggled through the strife,
Learning and Liberty together grew;
What need the oft-told story to repeat?
Now, through a nation's veins her pulsing life
She sends, and moves clear-brained, large-hearted,
true,
Footing the centuries with her silver feet.

Wind of Summer, as you pass,
Fairer maiden can you show?
Time for her has turned his glass,
Changed his scythe to Cupid's bow.

[*Forty-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Fire-thrilled Egypt's melting glance
 Could not stir our hearts to-day,
As this maid whose shy eyes dance
 'Neath her hood of hodden gray.

O Alma Mater! here thy towers arise,
Here are thy halls, the nursing folds of men;
And we, the latest children of thy care,
Trace on thy walls our names with faltering pen,
Nor shame our manhood with our misty eyes.
Yet swift the laughter sweeps away the tears
As we past days of joyous life recall,—
This mimic world, our crowding hopes and fears,
The clustered memories of our College Hall;
Our triumphs and our losses—losses? No!
There is no word of "loss" for Eighty-nine;
Let Pennsylvania's classes come and go
Serenely proud our annals still will shine!
And yet—to thee we bring our victories won—
To thee, not us, our doughty deeds are done
To add new lustre to thy starry name.

O Alma Mater! round thy fostering knees,
Close, close, to-day, thy fondling children cling;
When all June's sweetness scents the summer air,
When maiden faces smile beneath the trees;
Fairer than all, thy maiden charms we sing,
Bringing our ivy branch to deck thy hair.

Accept it—for its peer 'tis vain to seek!

'Tis than a verdant Freshman far more green;
'Twill pass its rivals with true Sophomore "cheek;"
Like amorous Junior, it will bloom serene
Till spreading leaves its Senior triumphs speak.

[*Forty-two*]

On the College Steps

May no cold Faculty work ill and ruth,
No biting Provost nip its tender charms;
But may it grow till, like a glowing youth,
It clasps the College in its branching arms!

But, ah! how soon the lightsome jest departs;
Through all our laughter steals a tone that grieves;
Live, cherished Ivy, 'neath thy mother's eye;
Know that thy roots are fastened in our hearts,
And all our love goes whispering through thy leaves,
And all the sorrow of our sad "good-by."

Wind of Summer, cease thy song,
Hush thy music to a sigh;
Comes the hour deferred so long,
Comes the word, the tear, "good-by."
Tune thy voice to breathing low,
'Mid the Ivy tendrils creep,
Stir the soft leaves to and fro,
Grieving, sob thyself to sleep.

Good-by! but not with tears should it be spoken,
With God's blue heaven bending overhead,
In whose far depths the clouds like white thoughts lie,
When the June sunshine round us seems the token
Of the fair fields before our manhood spread.—
Life gives us greeting! Then, with purpose high,
Let us go forth, though far our paths divide;
If thou, our mother, with thy smiles and tears
Will bless thy sons and hear their parting vow,
Back they will ever turn to thy dear smile,
Bringing the Laurel of their riper years
To mingle with the Ivy on thy brow!

[Forty-three] .

Pennsylvania's Verse

MEMORIES

Percy Clark Stuart, '97

WHEN peaceful twilight draweth near,
When toil and care are o'er,
And hearts revert in happy dreams to good old days
of yore,
We drink of mem'ry's sweetest cup and drink it oft
again,
When dreaming of our college days,
The days at dear old Penn.

REFRAIN

Dear old Penn, dear old Penn, how sweetly come to
our ears,
Dear old Penn, dear old Penn, the songs of old college
years.
Dear old Penn, dear old Penn, thy name we'll ever
revere,
In loving remembrance we hold thee dear.

When Autumn brings her withered leaves
And meadows brown and sear,
A summer sun will sometimes shine to cheer the
dying year.
So in the fall of life will come, when we are gray-
haired men,
A joy in dreaming of the days,
Our days at dear old Penn.

[*Forty-four*]

HEART AND HEARTH

CAMP BALLAD

Francis Hopkinson, 1757

MAKE room, oh! ye kingdoms in hist'ry renowned
Whose arms have in battle with glory been crowned,
Make room for America, another great nation,
Arises to claim in your council a station.

Her sons fought for freedom, and by their own brav'ry
Have rescued themselves from the shackles of slav'ry.
America's free, and though Britain abhorr'd it,
Yet fame a new volume prepares to record it.

* * * * *

To arms then, to arms, 'tis fair Freedom invites us;
The trumpet shrill sounding to battle excites us;
The banners of virtue unfurl'd shall wave o'er us,
Our hero lead on, and the foe fly before us.

On Heav'n and Washington placing reliance,
We'll meet the bold Briton and bid him defiance:
Our cause we'll support, for 'tis just and 'tis glorious
When men fight for freedom they must be victorious.

Pennsylvania's Verse

HAIL COLUMBIA!

Joseph Hopkinson, 1786

HAIL Columbia! happy land!
Hail ye heroes! heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.

Let independence be our boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for the prize;
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers join'd,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots! rise once more;
Defend your rights, defend your shore;
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies
Of toil and blood the well-earn'd prize,
While offering peace sincere and just,
In Heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice will prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

[*Forty-eight*]

Heart and Hearth

Sound, sound the trump of Fame!
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Ring through the world with loud applause,
Let every clime to Freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear.

With equal skill and godlike power
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war; or guides, with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Behold the chief who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,—
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
But, arm'd in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fix'd on Heaven and you.

When Hope was sinking in dismay,
And glooms obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.
Firm, united, let us be, etc.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE EVE OF BATTLE, 1645

S. Weir Mitchell, '48

GIVE me thy thoughts, my gentle maid,
And I will lend them wings
To soar elate above this world
Of transitory things.

Give me thy virgin dreams, and I
Will give their shyness song,
Shall rise as with an angel's flight,
That doth for Heaven long.

And I will praise thee, dear, so well
That thou wilt wish to be
The lover of thy perfect self,
And coyly envy me.

If thou shouldst mock thy wild war-hawk,
Low-voicing critic mirth,
I'll swear to thee he hath in Heaven
A song unknown to earth:

Or I will close my eyes, and lie
Upon thy breast, to hear
How daring is that modest heart
When eyes are none to fear:

[*Fifty*]

Heart and Hearth

And I will wait till brooding love
Hath some new sweet matured,
As bides at eve the patient flower
Of dewy hopes assured ;

But if a clouded moment's dread
Forbid love's dew to fall,
I'll know to hear what words I will
In love's confessional.

Or I will learn to share thy mood,
And silent think a space
How dear a little loss will make
Thy undiminished grace.

And from the harbor of thy breast
Shall sail joy-freighted ships
To seek, on daring ventures bent,
The fair port of thy lips.

Alas ! alas ! the trumpet calls ;
God help thy tender fears !
Ah, love would not be half of love
Had it not also tears.

Last night you kissed my shining blade,
And by the King I swore
That kiss should go where never kiss
Hath ever gone before.

You tied upon my helmet front
A lock of flowing gold ;
By Heaven ! he'll have luck that gets
Before that pennon bold.

Pennsylvania's Verse

Ah, thou shalt ride in thought with me
Amid the roundhead press ;
I warrant thee full courteous room
Around my lady's tress.

I kneel, dear heart, for one last kiss
Shall be a prayer to bring
God's blessing on the arms that strike
For God and for the King.

Good-night ! again the trumpet calls ;
Now be thy heart as light
As that with which we gallants ride ;
God bless thee, dear, good-night !

SONG

Francis Hopkinson, 1757

SEE down Maria's blushing cheek
The tears of soft compassion flow ;
These tears a yielding heart bespeak
A heart that feels for others' woe.
May not those drops, that frequent fall,
To my fond hope propitious prove?
The heart that melts at pity's call
Will own the softer voice of love.

Earth ne'er produced a gem so rare,
Nor wealthy ocean's ample space
So rich a pearl, as that bright tear
That lingers on Maria's face.
So hangs upon the morning rose
The crystals drop of heav'n refin'd ;
Awhile with trembling lustre glows—
Is gone—and leaves no stain behind.

Pennsylvania's Verse

HANDS

Thompson Seiser Westcott, '82

A DAINTY hand my darling has,
A tiny hand so soft and fair,
That trustingly slips into mine
And nestles there.

A brawny hand I clasp it with,
An iron hand that naught deters,
Yet, softening at her magic touch,
It rivals hers.

A BIT OF LACE

Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94

It lay upon a pillow white,
The framework of a beauteous sight
Wherein its mistress laid a bright
Ecstatic face;
And when each night it proudly bore
Her wavy wealth of "cheveux d'or,"
It seemed a very heaven for
The bit of lace.

But lace can from a pillow part,
And by a touch of cunning art
Adorn the casket of the heart,
Where every grace,
Half hidden by its witching fold,
Seeks to betray a charm untold,—
How envies each admirer bold
The bit of lace!

Still maidens' minds and garments change,
And so there comes a new exchange;
The real Valenciennes finds a strange
New resting place,
Where tiny feet and ankles hide,
And where, but for a shoe untied,
No human eye had e'er espied
The bit of lace.

[*Fifty-five*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

A crowded street, a sudden scare,
A little rush, a lengthy tear,
A snowy skirt that needs repair,
Decide the case.
And what each morn her footman missed,
Hung from a dainty dimpled wrist,
And ardent lovers fondly kissed
The bit of lace.

* * * * *

This tale is incomplete, I know,
But where else could the traveller go?
Ah, it was fifty years ago
All this took place.
And nodding, in her noonday nap,
Secure from every sad mishap,
I see in Grandma's dainty cap
The bit of lace.

•

TO ONE I LOVE

Thomas Truxtun Hare, 'or

To you, the soother of my restless mind,
When weary with this endless round of toil,
To you I turn, from you I ne'er recoil,
With you alone the needed comfort find.
All clothed in spotless white, with heart so kind,
You sacrifice yourself, e'en like the oil
Which spends itself, when raging waters boil,
To calm the waves and still the cruel wind.
So you give up your spotless purity
That I may have the peace that I desire.
To you I give a crown of living fire
And ease my spirit by your agony.
How can I, dear one, ever pay this debt
To you, my comforter, my cigarette?

Pennsylvania's Verse

MABEL

Raymond Macdonald Alden, '94

WHEN Mabel, in the spring-time,
Leans on the garden-gate,
The blossoms come to meet her,—
The roses dare not wait.

When Mabel, in the summer,
Stands in the grassy lane,
The daisies nod about her,—
Bees follow in her train.

When Mabel, in the autumn,
Walks on the windy street,
The blushing leaves attend her,
And chase her hurrying feet.

When Mabel, in the winter,
Rides in the merry air,
The snow-flakes crowd to kiss her,
And loiter in her hair.

While I, in all the seasons,
Join in the constant chase,—
In turn, as flower or snow-flake,
Pursuing one fair face!

[*Fifty-eight*]

IN ARCADIE

John Robert Moses, '83

PHYLLIS dainty, Phyllis sweet,
Phyllis with the tripping feet,
When the lark his flight is winging,
High aloft his carol singing,
Hovering o'er the waving corn,
In the fragrant dewy morn,
Oft I see her down the dale
Tripping with her milking-pail.

I have seen her pause awhile
At the hawthorn by the stile,
Pause to rest,—her round cheek glowing
With the fresh breeze round her blowing,—
With deft fingers, here and there,
Smooth her wind-dishevelled hair,
Parted lips and eyes the while
Lighted with a quiet smile.

Forms like this the poets tell
Sat beside the woodland well,
When Sicilian glades were thrilling
With the shrill cicada's trilling,
Blending ever and anon
With the reed of Corydon,
As he piped the rustic tune
To beguile the burning noon.

[*Fifty-nine*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

In those days, so long ago,
I might have been Corydon,—
Sat beside you in the shadow
On the margin of the meadow;
All that now can never be
Might have been in Arcadie,
In those days so far from us,
Sung by old Theocritus.

A QUIET SCENE, A BOOK, A TREE

Charles L. McKeehan, '97

A QUIET scene,—a valley wide decked out in summer's
lovely green,
A river flowing gently on reflecting back the sun's
warm gleam,
While Robin swells his little throat and tells his mate
the world is kind,
And fairy harps in all the trees answer the whisperings
of the wind.

A book,—not new, but some old friend selected for the
present mood,
Whether it's fancy's wish to laugh, or feel a gentle
hand to sooth,
Or wander free through Arden woods to sing love's
song at Ros'lind's bower,
Or stand with Nelson in the fight and lead the fleet at
Trafalgar.

A tree,—some giant oak beneath whose shade, with
spirit sad or gay,
You sink on nature's softest couch, and read or gaze
the hours away,
[*Sixty-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Or rear great castles towering high, with courts arrayed
in gorgeous dress,
Then strike them down and build again in careless,
wanton idleness.

A quiet scene, a book, a tree!
May these three friends be dear to thee.

THE PREROGATIVE OF THE KING

Felix E. Schelling, '81.

I

SCENE.—*A Salon.*—*Mr. Longhope Clientless hanging over Miss Bas d'Azure's chair.*

Miss Bas d'Azure:

And then, Monsieur, I am so fond
Of real old English plays.

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

Beyond
All measure am I charmed; you are
Familiar, then, with Farquhar,
With Gay and Colley Cibber?

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Nay,
Familiar not, I well might say:
I live in daily vain regret
Of periwigs and patches.

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

Would
You then prefer the minuet
To *trois pas*?

[*Sixty-three*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Ah! indeed I should;
But pardon, pray, a change of theme,—
Tell me, do now, would I seem
(*Avec empressement*)
A very *bas bleu*, should I own
I dote on law?

Mr. Longhope Clientless (gallantly):

Say lawyers, too!

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Indeed, I joke not; I have grown
Quite fond of Blackstone.

Mr. Longhope Clientless (in amaze):

Blackstone! True,
A Portia lived; but she, I believe, .
Was rather led by love to law
Than through the law to love. Relieve
An anxious doubt,—for I ne'er saw
A living Portia, wigged, decide
A hair 'twixt South and Southwest side,—
How deep has been your draught, I pray,
Of the Blackstonian font?

Miss Bas d' Azure (hesitatingly):

I may
As well confess, I do forget
The page and paragraph—and yet—
You know, 'tis difficult to give—
(*Confidingly*)

I've reached the King's Prerogative.

[*Sixty-four*]

Heart and Hearth

II

SCENE.—*A rustic seat, waving trees overhead. Six months after. Mr. Longhope Clientless and Miss Bas d'Azure.*

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Ah me! I pine so for the town,
The country's such a bore; Renown
Might well have sought a theme, *n'est ce pas*,
Of more intrinsic merit.

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

Ah!

You do amaze me. Hold you cheap
The rustling forest aisles, the deep,
Dark river purling 'mong the rushes,
The ringdove's coo, the song of thrushes,
Or then at eve the lowing kine,
Home threading pathways serpentine;
Perhaps, 'neath shelving eaves moss-green
Of chilly spring-house may be seen,
With lithe, white arms, the dairy's queen—
Shaping butter.

Miss Bas d'Azure:

What a shame!

A moment since and I had cried,
Here is a poet; soon the name
Of Clientless shall stand beside
The mighty great of old; but now
The anti-climax, I'll allow,
Was rather clever.

[*Sixty-five*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

Many thanks,
That this your commendation ranks
Me with the favored few.

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Perhaps
It is not, after all, a lapse
Of frightful magnitude to leave
The tuneful nine in tears to grieve
The loss of such a votary ;
Like Blackstone, you may yet attain
A legal immortality.
Do you know, really, of the twain,
Were I a man,—for which I sigh,—
I'd choose the law decidedly.

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

Thanks, my dear Miss Bas d'Azure,
Again you flatter ; I assure
You that your choice would do you credit.
The time may come when you shall edit
Some learned book on Notes and Bills,
On Marriage Contracts or on Wills.
And, by the bye, I beg, do tell
How prosper your deep readings?

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Well,
The fact is, as one deeper goes,
The subject broadens, and so grows
[Sixty-six]

Heart and Hearth

Upon you, that you scarce can leave
Your books a moment to relieve
The fearful mental strain. I give
Three hours to Blackstone every day.

Mr. Longhope Clientless:

What subject now engrosses, pray?

Miss Bas d'Azure:

Ah! let me see. I do forget
The page and paragraph—and yet—
You know, 'tis difficult to give—

(Confidingly, as before)

I've reached the King's Prerogative.

Pennsylvania's Verse

A NEGATIVE IDEAL

Henry Thornton Craven, '00

SHE hasn't got the Gibson pose,
Nor yet the Christy walk;
She never aggravates my woes
With half-Parisian talk.

She hasn't eyes a bit like Tess,
Nor features like Grizel;
But, heroines aside, I guess
I like her just as well.

She hasn't got Rossetti hair,
Nor Yseult's snowy hands;
She doesn't seem to suit the air
Of books or foreign lands.

Her lips are not the cherry ripe
You sigh for in "good looks;"
I never saw her prototype
In any kind of books.

I cut myself aloof from print,—
The flag of life unfurl;
I love, without reserve or stint,
A living, human girl!

[*Sixty-eight*]

CARMEN AMCEBÆUM

Raymond Macdonald Alden, '94

SHE.

So you're bound for graduation
In a gown of black and blue?
Can they really manufacture
An A.B., sir, out of you?

HE.

Bachelor of Arts, they call it;
But they're chiefly, I'm afraid,
Arts of cruel smiles and glances,
And the artist is a maid!

SHE.

Is it truly, then, no error,
That a college course in arts
Is (with Cupid for instructor)
Little but a course in hearts?

HE.

Bid me once to be your scholar,—
Not rejecting Cupid's call,—
And I'll gladly cease forever
Being bachelor at all.

[*Sixty-nine*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

SHE.

If you must, then, be M.A., sir,
I cannot refuse my part,—
You the master of the artist,
I the mistress of the heart!

A-MAYING

Irwin Shupp, Jr., '04.

IN the little country meeting,
While the parson's praying, Jo,
I've been thinking how time's fleeting
'Till we go a-Maying, Jo.

Some fine morn the lark will wake us
Or the good hound's baying, Jo.
Light of heart we'll then betake us
To the fields a-Maying, Jo.

Through the pastures, through the meadows,
Where the flocks are straying, Jo,
Through the woodland deep in shadows
We shall go a-Maying, Jo.

We shall hear the farm-lads singing
In the fields a-haying, Jo;
We shall hear the sheep-bells ringing
When we go a-Maying, Jo.

Little woodland flowers are peeping
Where the brooks are playing, Jo;
Nature wakes from her long sleeping
When we go a-Maying, Jo.

[*Seventy-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Ah! the Spring's the time for roving,
Everything is saying, Jo;
And the Spring's the time for loving,—
Come, let's go a-Maying, Jo!

THE HAUNTS OF THE HALCYON

Charles Henry Luders, '79

To stand within a gently gliding boat,
Urged by a noiseless paddle at the stern,
Whipping the crystal mirror of the fern
In fairy bays where water-lilies float;
To hear your reel's whirr echoed by the throat
Of a wild mocking-bird, or round some turn
To chance upon a wood-duck's brood that churn
Swift passage toward their mother's warning note,—
This is to rule a realm that nevermore
May aught but restful weariness invade;
This is to live again the old days o'er,
When nymph and dryad haunted stream and glade;
To dream sweet, idle dreams of having strayed
To Arcady, with all its golden lore.

Pennsylvania's Verse

BEN BOLT

Thomas Dunn English, '39

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,—
Sweet Alice with hair so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

[*Seventy-four*]

Heart and Hearth

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I love, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have past, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt-sea gale.

THE DEATH OF THE BEE

John Russell Hayes, '92

A LITTLE bee in search of sweets
Flew in a lily's bell,
And revelled in the lusciousness
Of that soft honeyed cell.
But as he sipped the nectary,
O'ercome with rich perfume,
He fainted unto death and lay
For aye embalmed in bloom!

TO A PANSY

Waters Dewees Roberts, '84

THE lily holds its flower high
Up to the sun,
But modesty beams from thine eye,
Thou gentle one.

The princely rose boasts fragrance soft,
Scenting its bower ;
Yet ancients flavored nectar oft
From thy sweet flower.

The daisies, gold and white, hide fields
Frequent and gay :
A calmer spot thy birthplace shields
Out of man's way.

Heart's-ease in truth thou hast been named
By some one wise ;
For power to calm a heart inflamed
In thee there lies.

But e'en if other flowers have won
Praises more grand,
For me such recollections none
E'er can command.

[*Seventy-seven*]

WHITE VIOLETS *

John Russell Hayes, '92

A BAND of sweet blue violets,
All on an April day,
Went down into a sylvan dell
At hide-and-seek to play ;
But while they played, a bat flew by,
Which gave them such a fright,
That every little countenance
Was changed to milky white !

* From "Flowers and Fairies."

WITH A GIFT OF FLOWERS

Raymond Macdonald Alden, '94

SWEET smile the roses, with their dainty lips
Uplifted all in grace;
Yet they will fade in envious eclipse
At presence of thy face!

I touched them lovingly, and whispered that
Which made them blush for me;
Believe me, 'twas because I did forget,
And thought I spoke to thee!

If they should tell thee tales thou canst not brook,
Then send them back, I pray;
And they shall bring me word of every look
Thou gav'st them when away!

THE QUAKER-LADY *

John Russell Hayes, '92

WITHIN a dewy woodland dell
I spied a Quaker-lady:
Her home was on a mossy bank,
Where all was cool and shady.

And as I saw her sitting there
So sweetly and demurely,
I said, "There's peace within thy heart,
Dear Quaker-lady, surely!"

* From "Flowers and Fairies."

CHESS

John Robert Moses, '83

Do you remember how we played
At chess a year ago to-night,
With pieces black and white arrayed
In mimic fight,
And what a fierce attack he made,
The queen's white knight?

I saw the danger, did my best,
Brought all my force to bear, too late,
Put all my skill to utmost test;
I saw my fate,
And overmatched at length confest
Checkmate.

An omen of the thing to be
Was on the chequered squares that night;
Why was it then so hard to see,
To read aright
The portent that lay there for me,
In black and white?

Pennsylvania's Verse

DOUBT

L. Stauffer Oliver, '00

WE quarrelled—my love and I.
For days and days we neither spake.

And then there came a rose—
This rose with the thorns upon its stem.

And in its heart, a note—
A sorrowing note from a troubled heart,—

“ Ah, Jack! forget a word!
The frailest rose will have its thorns,
And yet the rose blooms fair!”

Ah! why not forget?
Why does the thorn not fade and die?
Alas! the rose may fade, but the thorn——?

MISTRESS PATTY

Frank Thomas Woodbury, '97

MISTRESS PATTY, trim and neat,
Sits within the window-seat ;
Sits and knits, with skilful hand,
Tasselled purse of silken strand.
Did she know that with each knot
My heart-strings she tightly caught,
That each loop which she made fast
Bound me closer than the last ?
Would she, if my thoughts she learned,
Sit and knit so unconcerned ?

Pennsylvania's Verse

A LOST GAME

Thompson Seiser Westcott, '82

SAUCY maiden, can you tell
How you had me at your mercy?
Do you know the potent charm
Wielded by a shapely arm?—
And, besides, you looked so well
In a jersey.

Do you think that, blind to all,
I could play with wonted fervor,
While my eyes strayed 'cross the net?
'Twas not strange you won the set.—
Faith, I never saw the ball,
But the server.

Stranger far! I did not see
One whose racket never wearies,—
Cupid's self join in the sport
Guarding in the other court.
Thus you played the deuce with me
In love series.

VESPERS

Dallett Fuguet, '89

CEASE work—have done ;
Now sinks the golden sun,
'Mid banks of fleeces shot gold red,
 To bed
Within the far still west :
 Sweet twilight peace is won.
Rest, weary souls—to rest ;
 Strife's day is done.

To rest, to rest ;
The tired world is blest
By purple darkness settling calm
 In balm
On sea, and hill, and wold ;
 After the throbbing zest
Of all the bright day's gold,
 To rest, to rest !

Pennsylvania's Verse

LIGHTS TO STEER BY

William Hamilton Jefferys, '94

A THOUSAND meteor thoughts strike on the mind,
Aërolites that flash and fade away.

A thousand idle musings of a day
Their trailing cometary courses wind
Without the soul. A few clear concepts find
Homes in that spirit firmament and stay
Like the fixed stars forever, thence to ray
Our voyaging fraternity—mankind.

Up! brothers, up! Look out upon your skies
And learn the stars eternal. There, above,
Are lights to steer by till the night be past;
That, with the clearing morn, to happy eyes
Will point the haven home of those you love,
And guide your hands to God's own hand at last.

THE EVENING STAR

Anonymous, '34

THE sun has set, and now the rich, red streaks
Of soften'd light flit upward from the west,
And clouds, as curtains round his place of rest,
Like distant mountains raise their snowy peaks.

Day's brightest hours have fled, and sable night
Fast closes in upon the busy crowd,
Whilst with her sombre veil she doth enshroud
That which but late with splendor beamed so bright.

Yet 'mid the gloom there shines a feeble ray,
Piercing with silv'ry light the deep'ning shade,
As beams the star which holds its gentle sway,
When gray-clad evening doth the world pervade.
Sweet harbinger of rest! from toil and care
To soft repose thou bidd'st the earth repair.

Pennsylvania's Verse

BOOKRA *

Charles Dudley Warner, '58

As I lay asleep in Italy.—SHELLEY.

ONE night I lay asleep in Africa,
In a closed garden by the city gate;
A desert horseman, furious and late,
Came wildly thundering at the massive bar,
“Open in Allah’s name! Wake, Mustapha!
Slain is the Sultan,—treason, war, and hate
Rage from Fez to Tetuan! Open straight.”
The watchman heard as thunder from afar:
“Go to! In peace this city lies asleep;
To all-knowing Allah ’tis no news you bring.”
Then turned in slumber still his watch to keep.
At once a nightingale began to sing,
In oriental calm the garden lay,—
Panic and war postponed another day.

* Bookra = To-morrow.

[*Eighty-eight*]

THE NIGHT SPIRITS

Robert Thompson McCracken, '04

THEY come at the fall of the crimson pall
That follows the sun's decline,
And they flutter away when the light's first ray
Shoots o'er the horizon's line.
Their realm is the shade o'er the universe laid
The gloom unpierced by a spark,
For these are the sprites that live through our nights,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

They have never a shape of man or of ape,
No form of an earthly mould,
Yet they fashion themselves into giants or elves
As the fancy may lay them hold :
Though all unseen their ghostlike mien,
Their presence we each may mark,
Through ear and eye may we clearly descry
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

The whole night long, a numberless throng,
They are rustling to and fro,
Flitting about in a spectral rout,
Like a fête of the fiends below.
In uncouth groups, in dark, weird troops,
They dance in their ghostly lark,—
The nightly sport of the spirit sort,—
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

[*Eighty-nine*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

In shadows deep, where never may creep
The tiniest ray of light,
Strange masses of murk they stealthily lurk,
These phantoms of fear and fright.
And he that fares by their teeming lairs
Shall falter and peer and hark,—
Like the demons of wrath they are haunting his path,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

When the last twilight has merged into night,
And the earth is quiet and still,
And the deep night shade is finally laid
O'er valley and plain and hill,
From the sunset's crown they come fluttering down,
(And their presence ye well may mark;)
They have come to stay till the dawn of day,
The People that Dwell in the Dark.

AT THE SEA

Henry Hunter Welsh, '96

SING to me, Anemone!
At the breaking of the sea,
At the sighing of the deep,
Sing me into endless sleep!
I am weary, very weary,
Lonely is the land and dreary,
When the waves break o'er the lea,
Sing to me, Anemone!
—Dreamily, so dreamily!

When the breakers rise and fall,
When the wild sea-voices call,
When the sky is dark and chill,
When the sea-bird's cry is still,
When the cold north wind is blowing
Over ocean's icy flowing,
Spirit voices call to me;
Sing to me, Anemone!
—Drowsily, so drowsily!

Sing a song of wilder kind
To the whistling of the wind!
Cold I lie upon the sand,
Cold the waves lap on the strand.

[*Ninety-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

I am weary, oh! so weary,
Lonely is the land and dreary;
Lay me, dying, by the sea!
Sing to me, Anemone!
—Sleepily, so sleepily!

FISHING SONG

Conrad Orton Milliken, '04

THE breath of the morn is sharp and chill
When the curtains of night are backward rolled,
And the sun looks over the shadowy hill,
Out of the purple and rose and gold.
All night have the storm-winds been at play,
And the rolling waves are high and rough,
As into the teeth of the dashing spray
We swing our boat by the rock-bound bluff.
For the withering blast not a rap care we,
Oho!
A fisherman's life for you and me.

The sun sinks into the western glow,
And the beat of the oars sounds clear and far,
While soft through the rippling splash and flow
Our boat glides home from the island bar.
On and on while the mountains fade,
In the mirrored lake still more and more,
Till the bluff looms out of the twilight shade,
And the prow grates sharp on the shelving shore.
For the world of strife not a rap care we,
Oho!
A fisherman's life for you and me.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE OLD MILL

Thomas Dunn English, '39

HERE from the brow of the hill I look
Through a lattice of boughs and leaves
On the old gray mill with its gambrel roof,
And the moss on its rotting eaves.
I hear the clatter that jars its walls,
And the rushing water's sound,
And I see the black floats rise and fall
As the wheel goes slowly round.

I rode there often when I was young,
With my grist on the horse before,
And talked with Nelly, the miller's girl,
As I waited my turn at the door ;
And while she tossed her ringlets brown,
And flirted and chatted so free,
The wheel might stop or the wheel might go,
It was all the same to me.

'Tis twenty years since last I stood
On the spot where I stand to-day,
And Nelly is wed, and the miller is dead,
And the mill and I are gray.
But both, till we fall into ruin and wreck,
To our fortune of toil are bound ;
And the man goes, and the stream flows,
And the wheel moves slowly round.

[*Ninety-four*]

BRIMIGA'S WOE

Benjamin Lee, '52

THE ocean chants thy dirge
Where the booming breakers surge
On old Henlopen's verge,
 Brimiga!
The osprey's plaintive cry
To the bittern makes reply
While the gull sweeps screaming by,
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Oh! woe is thee, Brimiga!

Where now thy freight of souls?
No bell their requiem tolls,
They have no churchyard knolls,
 Brimiga!
Thy three and twenty souls?
Their bones bleach on the shoals
Where the moaning tide-wave rolls,
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Oh! woe is thee, Brimiga!

Thou wast all unawares;
'Mid soft and vernal airs,
Thy crew forgot their cares,
 Brimiga!

[*Ninety-five*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Then the blizzard, wild with wrath,
Found thee athwart its path,
And ruth nor mercy hath,
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Oh! woe is thee, Brimiga!

The shrieking, hellish blast
Shivered thy towering mast,
As on the storm king passed,
 Brimiga!
Thy masts of Norway pine—
Ah! cheeks are wet with brine
Where Norway's fiords shine,
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Oh! woe is thee, Brimiga!

For these brave men with thee—
These twenty men and three—
Their Norse wives ne'er shall see,
 Brimiga!
Through midnight sleet and snow
Straight to their doom they go;
Their graves shall no man know,
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Oh! woe is thee, Brimiga!

And now men curse thy name;
Thou art a thing of shame;
And once so fair thy fame!
 Brimiga!

Heart and Hearth

Midst flame and din on high,
Mounting the startled sky,
Thy rifted timbers fly;
 Brimiga! Brimiga!
Thy woe is spent, Brimiga.

Pennsylvania's Verse

AN IDYL

Henry Hunter Welsh, '96

EROS of the flying mists !
Come to me, and listen !
Songs I sing of ancient times,
Songs of long-forgotten rhymes,
Songs of sunny southern climes
Where the sunbeams glisten.

Eros, tune my lyre for me,
Low and softly ringing,
Sighing ever dreamily
To the rippling of the sea,
All harmonious let it be
To the songs I'm singing.

Eros, lie thou at my side,
All the night-time dreaming,
Whispering rhapsodies divine,
By the ocean's breaking ;
O'er the rocks the dashing brine
White-capped waves is making,
While the moonlight's on thee streaming
All the magic eventide.

BARGE SONG ON SCHUYLKILL RIVER

Charles H. A. Esling, '82

WITH stroke all true
We cleave the blue
Pellucid waves of streamland,
O'er Schuylkill's tides
Our good boat glides,
Through ærial ways of dreamland.

Towards pleasure's realm
We set our helm
With touch of necromancy,
Past verdant shores
Our gem-flecked oars
Bear us, like wings of fancy.

Beneath their splash
Spray-diamonds flash
With iridescent brightness,
The blue waves curl
'Neath crests of pearl
And fall with snow-flake lightness.

As through the spray
We cut our way,
Our tingling muscles bending,
Our hearts keep time
To pleasure's rhyme
With quickening oar-strokes blending.

[*Ninety-nine*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Our gay song thrills
Old Fairmount's hills,
And wakes green Lansdowne's Dryads,
And lures from caves
Beneath the waves
Sweet Belmont's gold-haired Naiads.

Around our boat
These Sirens float,
The hopes of youth light-hearted ;
Along our wake
Their track they take,
The dreams of youth departed.

From Hebean cups
Our spirit sups
As twilight's shades grow lengthy ;
We quaff the wine
Of bliss divine,
The sunset's red nepenthe.

But on and on
Our barge is gone
Where Sylvan splendors thicken ;
And Hesper's beams
Wake Elfin dreams,
The gorge of Wissahickon.

'Mid song and dance
And maiden's glance
Anon we keep our revels,
Till light a-bow
Our glow-worm prow
Sights Rockland's steeps and levels.

[*One hundred*]

Heart and Hearth

From tinkling strings
Our music rings
With echoing passion foamward,
The silvery while
Sweet Cynthia's smile
Lights all our pathway homeward.

Though shadows dim
The bright stream rim,
We mock them with our laughter,
As oars we toss
Earth's cares and dross,
We toss the spray-drops after.

Pennsylvania's Verse

INDIAN SUMMER

Dallett Fuguet, '89

THE maundering year, so flowerless and old,
Hides russet trees and gray sky shadowing lake
Within a soft blue haze for shamed life's sake,
And the sun, softening, grows less hotly bold.
Yet here and there, starred round the fields' brown
mould,
Along the roadside, scattered through the brake,
Wild asters in the sleepy winds still shake
Their purple-blue fringe round the centres' gold.
And so the old year, smiling through his pains,
Stops for a little while to dream o'er these,
And something of the old warmth to his veins
Steals back again, and strengthens his bent knees
To totter o'er the stretch that yet remains
E'er he shall sleep 'midst dead eternities.

THE ELF'S LAMENT

Daniel Martin Karcher, '00

I MIND me of a promise gleaned
Last evening of a golden leaf,
To dance with me where, hazel-screened,
We'd laugh and mock poor Autumn's grief.

But Winter, hearing my desire,
Has robed the tattered leaf in white,
And seeks to quell my passion's fire
By hiding her beyond my sight.

Pennsylvania's Verse

SPEZIA

Wallace B. Conant, '01

O SPEZIA, fair Spezia,
My heart within me thrills
When I see the sunlight dawning
O'er Carrara's marble hills.

O Spezia, fair Spezia !
The blue-sailed ships float down
To meet the new-kissed waters,
Still slumbering is the town.

On thy rocky feet, O Spezia,
The cerulean waters dash,
And sportive waves are leaping
And foaming eddies splash.

O olive-slopes of Spezia !
The shout of men is there,
And the laden groves are fragrant
With the lemon and the pear.

Fair Spezia, fair Spezia,
The stealthy haze slips down,
The mountain tops are crimson,
The vales are deep in brown.

[*One hundred and four*]

Heart and Hearth

Then Spezia, fond Spezia,
Maidens dark, with stately grace,
Earthen water jars are bearing
To the well in the market-place.

In the lingering glow, fair Spezia,
Hither coming, as to rest,
The purpled barks are stealing,
Homeward wafted from the West.

Pennsylvania's Verse

TO AN OLD WHITE PINE

William Otto Miller, '04

THOU sad grim relic of a former day,
That towerest high in proud but seared might,
I love to watch thy calm, unfaltering sway,
Thy modest bend, thy free o'erarching height.
How small thy forest mates that group thee round
Seem in the shadow of thy greater life;
They creak and groan as from some mortal wound
When any sudden breeze stirs petty strife.
But thou, throughout the feverish toss, alone,
In semblance of a lofty mind, dost greet
The driven wind in silence save the groan
Wrung from thee where thy topmost branches meet
The fiercer blasts. I love thee for thy strength.
Thou art no thing of beauty, for the price
Of age is beauty's loss, and for the length
Of years the wind has claimed its sacrifice.
Thy topmost bough with tiny hands outspread
To catch the dew of heaven, thy youngest born,
That crooned for light and warmth, it too has bled
And left thee broken-hearted and forlorn.
Oh, canst thou feel that in thy silent pain
Thou art the incarnation of a grief
That throbs another aching heart? I fain
Would give thy mighty heart this fond belief.
Each stunted limb becomes a ladder's round
For childish feet to scale to awful heights,
[One hundred and six]

Heart and Hearth

From which to view with swimming eye the ground,
And all about to see such wondrous sights.
It seems as if the hawk far overhead,
A spot in that vast field of blue, were part
Of thine own lot ; with level wing outspread
It rides at anchor, while with fretful dart
The little swallows charge the wind, then high
Far from the goal in circling rout are driven.
The hawk meanwhile with steady half-closed eye
Resists the full upgathered force of heaven ;
He waits the lull, and then with sudden swoop
Attains his end. If we could only learn
To meet our daily tasks with such a hope,
How much would be attained for which we yearn.
And yet, old friend, I love thee best at night,
When thou art darkly lined against the stars ;
Thou seemst to tremble in the breeze so light,
Hast thou the memory of those wind-brought scars?
Yet we can rest and hear the shrill sweet tone
Of frog and cricket and the unnamed swarm
Of countless insects with their buzz and drone.
They chant of peace and freedom from alarm.
Thou bendest o'er me as in silent prayer,
While from the village church a hymn we hear
Borne on the heavy clover-scented air
Up to the Faithful Ever-Listening Ear.
Those humble voices seem to blend so clear
Into a mighty mellow organ chord ;
The rasping, throaty voice is gone, we hear
The heart's thank-offering to a bounteous Lord.
Whate'er of reverence, love, or grief I see,
Thy silent life is its epitome.

[*One hundred and seven*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

AUTUMN SONG

Conrad Orton Milliken, '04

FAREWELL, farewell, my sweet Suzanne,
The autumn days are flying.
The leaves are drifting from above,
Like drooping wings of summer love,
The year is slowly dying.

And soon the cold north wind will blow,
The snow will soon be driving,
While wintry storm-clouds over all
Will roll a dismal dreary fall,
And Love will need no shriving.

Then kiss me, sweetheart, ere I go,
For careless days are over.
Then, ho! for the world of work and men,
Where I shall find my heart again,
And you another lover.

[*One hundred and eight*]

ALL-HALLOWE'EN

Thomas Dickson Finletter, '82

TRIM up ye hearthe!
Ye chafing-dish
Fille with browned chestnuts by ye frost.
Bring strings of walnuts,
An ye wish,
And ruddy apples and, mine host,
Ale beakers with white foam embost.

Look not to left,
Sweet rosy girl,
Lest o'er thy shoulder thou the moon shouldst spy.
Hobgoblins leap
And brownies whirl
With uncouth grimace and unearthly cry
Till midnight chimes and all unhallowed fly.

Pennsylvania's Verse

CHRISTMAS SONG *

Felix E. Schelling, '81

HERE do we sit by yule-log fire,
The while the choir
Of homely crickets trill
Their tuneful song, and in the bright,
Red light
There glows the sill.

Now let the wassail bowl divine
And spiced wine
Be brought with frantic Thyrse;
A goblet sparkling to the brim
To him
Who first sang verse.

Let sweetest lyric songs abound,
And he be crowned
With choicest woven flowers
Who shall essay with voice and viol
To while
Away the hours.

* After Herrick.

[*One hundred and ten*]

LINES *

Arthur Spayd Brooke, '97

THOUGH the night is long and dreary,
Pegasus full faint and weary,
And his hoof-beats pacing measured as the leaden
minutes flow;
Though the bourne seems far before him,
And the night-mists gather o'er him,
Though the road is rough and rugged and he stumbles
as we go,
There is dawn behind the curtain
Of the darkness, and a certain
Happy welcome waits the rider whatsoe'er his plight
may be.
Though he chants no joyous measure,
Though his saddle bears no treasure,
Though his gifts are few and meagre, neither rare nor
strange to see,
Yet the love which prompts the journey,
Like Sir Lancelot at the tourney,
Is the best and chiefest offering that his scanty skill
can yield.
Let it light the dark to dawning,
Let it kindle night to morning,
And before its gentle presence be all happiness re-
vealed.

* Written at midnight on Christmas Eve.

[*One hundred and eleven*]

AN OLD THOUGHT

Charles Henry Luders, '79

FRAMED in the cavernous fireplace sits a boy,
Watching the embers from his grandsire's knee:
One sees red castles rise, and laughs with joy;
The other marks them crumble, silently.

SLEIGH-BELLS

Thomas Dickson Finletter, '82

'Tis chill without;
The wind blows cold;
Within the fire is gleaming;
The moon, about
Two hours old,
Without is coldly beaming.

Then fill the cup—
The night grows late—
A stirrup cup this must be.
Now, girls, wrap up;
The glowing grate
You'll miss ere long, now trust me.

The horses prance,
The sleigh-bells ring,
The girls all laugh in chorus;
Their bright eyes dance
And omens bring
Of blissful hours before us.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE LION TAVERN

Felix E. Schelling, '81

SOME years ago, I scarce could tell
How many, though 'twas in the early
Tens, ere men had learned so well
To make this life a hurly-burly,
Men were granted time for breath,
And servants waited on our pleasure,
Sober burial followed death,
And life still knew that lost boon, leisure.

A spade was simply called a spade,
Plain cake was not dubbed fine confection;
Men were free without free trade,
And well protected *sans* protection;
Then honest John cracked joke and whip
To merry tune of stage-coach rattle,
And dames did tea and gossip sip,
Not ices chilled with tittle-tattle.

How soft the sunset tips the eaves,
Low-lined and crusted thick with mosses,
The elms rune welcome with their leaves,
The stable-boys attend our horses;
There stands, with smile and waistcoat vast,
Mine host, the genius of the cavern
Where joys and mirth forever last
Epitomied—the Lion Tavern.

[*One hundred and fourteen*]

Heart and Hearth

Behold mine host, no slender man
Such as degenerate days give birth to,
Nay, not from Beersheba to Dan,
Wilt meet such calves, such chest, such girth, too.
And Cicely, too, hath pricked her thumb
In haste to lay down thread and needle,
For, to be sure, such bows become
The parson or at least the beadle.

And now a cozy cloth is laid,
I'll wager life none e'er was whiter ;
And there is Cicely, bless the maid !
Hath man since known a footstep lighter ?
And, ah, the cates ! what bard dare sing
The wonders of a venison pasty ?
Or risk his fame in careless fling
Of metaphor at pudding hasty ?

The party ? Yonder man's no fool,
Although they say he's writ a sonnet ;
But Bob belonged to the true old school
That worships all that wears a bonnet ;
Just look there—Cicely brings to him
The daintiest bits, the choicest slices,
With what reward ? Hark ! yonder dim,
Dark stairway holds the last advices.

Nay, stir them not, the story's sad,
Grudge not the time they softly tarried ;
Not Cicely—better that he had—
A highborn dame poor Bob soon married.
[One hundred and fifteen]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Bob then was young and so was I,
The white upon our hair was powder,—
But Bob's voice went out in a sigh,
And mine—'twas once a trifle louder.

And there was Jack, mad Jack, egad,
May all good things combine to cheer him;
Drink? Why, boys, he'd drink you mad;
Swear? 'till lights burned blue to hear him.
Yet Jack has turned to Parson May,
And now is old as you or I, sir,
And if you'll ask me why, I'll say,
“He got a shrew, and that is why, sir.”

And would you believe it, 'twas a sight,
Just forty years ago last Friday,
Jack and I crossed swords in fight
For love of Polly, slim and tidy.
Now Polly's fat, an arrant scold,
And Jack is lean and melancholy,
And I am merry, sound, and old,—
I got the scratch, poor Jack got Polly.

And oft, when we sit tied o' tongue
And o'er our port again live over
Days when we and it were young,
And dreams take shape as smoke clouds hover,
A shrill voice desolates the land
Of memories in which we've tarried,
Jack leans across to press my hand
And say, “Thank God, 'twas I that married.”
[*One hundred and sixteen*]

Heart and Hearth

But I have wandered with the years
And reached *to-day* with footsteps hasty;
Sure memories and old men's tears
Are pretty sauce for venison pasty;
The Lion punch, 'twould fire a god
To take Olympus on a rocket,
The recipe—'tis whispered, odd,—
Old Penn brought 't over in his pocket.

What jests, what roar of laughter long,
The quick retort, the answer clever,
Bob's tender lays, our hearty song,
Stilled now those merry notes forever;
In me so mixed is smile and tear
In calling each old memory back, sir,
I've wondered why I linger here,—
I think 't must be to comfort Jack, sir.

Pennsylvania's Verse

A DECANTER OF MADEIRA, AGED EIGHTY-SIX, TO GEORGE BANCROFT, AGED EIGHTY-SIX, GREETING

S. Weir Mitchell, '48

Good Master, you and I were born
In "Tea-cup days" of hoop and hood,
And when the silver cue hung down,
And toasts were drunk, and wine was good;

When kin of mine (a jolly brood)
From sideboards looked, and knew full well
What courage they had given the beau,
How generous made the blushing belle.

Ah, me! what gossip could I prate
Of days when doors were locked at dinners!
Believe me, I have kissed the lips
Of many pretty saints—or sinners.

Lip service I have done, alack!
I don't repent, but come what may,
What ready lips, sir, I have kissed,
Be sure at least I shall not say.

Two honest gentlemen are we,—
I Demi John, whole George are you;
When Nature grew us one in years
She meant to make a generous brew.
[*One hundred and eighteen*]

Heart and Hearth

She bade me store for festal hours
The sun our south-side vineyard knew ;
To sterner tasks she set your life,
As statesman, writer, scholar, grew.

Years eighty-six have come and gone ;
At last we meet. Your health to-night.
Take from this board of friendly hearts
The memory of a proud delight.

The days that went have made you wise,
There's wisdom in my rare bouquet.
I'm rather paler than I was ;
And, on my soul, you're growing gray.

I like to think, when Toper Time
Has drained the last of me and you,
Some here shall say, They both were good,—
The wine we drank, the man we knew.

Pennsylvania's Verse

AD ARISTIUS FUSCUS *

Anonymous, '83

THE upright man, the pure in heart,
Needs not the Moorish bow or dart;
The quiver needs he not to fill
With venom'd arrows forged to kill.
Unharm'd with dauntless step he'll tread
The scorching Syrtes; nor will dread
The monsters dire which poets dream
E'er haunt Hydaspes' fabled stream.
Secure upon the horrid crest
Of Caucasus he'll calmly rest.

While late I roamed beyond the bounds
Which circumscribe my Sabine grounds;
When swift-winged winds o'er Cretan sea
All morbid cares bore far from me;
When, 'mid the silent, lonely grove,
Where breathed the spells of song and love,
Inspired with melting melody,
I sang my own loved Lalage,
'Twas then a prowling wolf, alarmed,
In terror fled me, all unarmed,
A monster, such ne'er wore the brand
Of Daunia's sunny warlike land;
Nor Juba, lions' nurse, caressed,
Nor nurtured at her savage breast.

* Horace, I, 22.

[*One hundred and twenty*]

Heart and Hearth

Oh, place me 'mid those sterile plains
Where shines no sun, where falls no rain,
Where buds no tree, where blooms no flower,
But blight and desolation lower.
A death-doomed realm, where sable cloud
And Jove malignant weave its shroud.
Oh, place me in that clime so bare
No hallowed home of man is there,
Where drives the day-god's charioteer
His blazing car to earth too near;
Still thou my radiant star shalt be,
O sweetly laughing Lalage!

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE KALEIDOSCOPE

Edward Willard Watson, '63

INTO a tube, with mirrors lined,
We empty all that's in the mind,—
Scraps of the sunlight, gleams of hope,
Small bits of love in homely guise,
And things from books, wherein one looks
At times, in hope to grow more wise ;
And remnants of antiquity,
And black and blue and hazel eyes ;
Bright thoughts, and days of darkness, when
The lights go out, and rarest times
That children have, and sometimes men ;
With bits of scene from foreign climes,
And awful things ; philosophy
And metaphysics, creed and prayer ;
While doubt and faith their tribute bear,
And music, with its dulcet strain,
And law that curbs with iron rein,
And lawlessness and mystery,
With jugglery and history ;
All these we bring, and cast behind
The little mirrors of the mind,
That catch them all, and then reflect
And multiply, as they collect,
Into a figure uniform,
The odds and ends with which we swarm.

[*One hundred and twenty-two*]

Heart and Hearth

And, gazing with the mental eye,
We wonders in the tube descry,
Richer than starry fields that lie
Above us in the jewelled sky;
For with each turn there springs to view
A radiant world of vision new;
And though each bit is old enough,
And we can analyze the stuff,
And see the rags and tinsel there,
The wondrous whole is, oh! so fair;
And all is by reflection done,—
Three images combined in one.
This is the mind; it just combines
What bits it has in varied lights,
And multiplies by three, and finds
Its rich reward in wondrous sights;
And all we think and all we find,
And call the product of the mind,
Is but the viewing common things
In mirrors, and a hand that flings
The mass around, and, lo! there springs
To light some star with radiant rings.

Pennsylvania's Verse

PRAYER OF THE SATIRIST

Oscar Loeb, '00

Oh, make me not as other men
With knowledge but empirical,
But give to me a larger ken,
A power and sight satirical.
Yea, give me leave to quit the toils
And laugh at men's inanities,
Their wretched little ant-hill broils,
Their vices and their vanities;
And let me see the littleness
Of others' eccentricity,
The barrenness and littleness
Of boasted authenticity;
With ardent assiduity
Impale each placid platitude,
Give asinine fatuity
A much restricted latitude;
I'd try them first with patient care,
In common-sense's crucible,
Then quickly crush each baneful there
From hate or spleen deducible.

I pray thee give me trenchant wit
And richly of temerity,
Yet let me wisely temper it,
Lest I sneer in severity.

[*One hundred and twenty-four*]

Heart and Hearth

Oh, grant me Dryden's enterprise
And some of Pope's avidity,
In shooting folly as it flies,
Yet not with his acidity.
Pray loan me Molière's gentle rake
To stir all maladies pretended,
And with Sir Thomas More's mild shake
The easy fling of Horace blended;
Vouchsafe to me as Butler keen
An easy, airy persiflage;
I wish no vitriolic spleen,
I'd Lowell be or calm Le Sage.
But, pray give me gay humor's gift,
And last I ask, by Heaven's grace,
By shades of Juvenal and Swift,
Oh, do not make me commonplace.

Pennsylvania's Verse

ENNUI

Henry Thornton Craven, '00

I'm sick of books,—the weary pro and con
Of argument lies heavily upon

My drowsy mind. I long again to share
The calm delights of rest, to sleep,—anon
To loll about,—and “self-made men” may stare,—
For all I care.

My love! Oh, I admit that she's all right
In winter, when the glowing ballroom light
Idealizes things,—but, I declare,
The picture fades in spring. Let others fight
About the girl,—and call it their affair,—
For all I care.

The new canal,—free trade for Cuba,—what
Do I care for dull politics? A lot
Of time,—I want to drink the drowsy air
Of spring. The jaded world may fret and not
Accomplish much with either crime or prayer,—
For all I care.

[*One hundred and twenty-six*]

MAY-DAY

Arthur Spayd Brooke, '97

SAD am I that ancient customs
Yield to time's advancing tread,
Like the robins flying southward
When the summer days are sped,
Or like flowers, withered, drooping,
With the autumn splendors dead.

As before their latest fragrance
On the wasteful winds is shed,
We would catch what sweetness lingers
Though the soul of it has fled,
In to-day's neglected hour
May a soft reproof be read:

"Are you, Earth, thus wiser growing
That you place in beauty's stead
Naught but weight of barren wisdom,
Raise in pride a self-crowned head,
Spurn me, gentle muse, whose teachings
Much of grace and virtue bred?

"You would crush the soul within you;
You of brazen links would thread
Life which should of flowers be woven,
Life whose flame divine is fed
From a higher source than science;
You would give a stone for bread.

[*One hundred and twenty-seven*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

“ You have bound your heart with iron,
You have clogged your soul with lead ;
In your breast no verdant freshness,
Dust and ashes have you spread ;
All your wisdom weary burden,
Naught to aid and much for dread.

“ Drags the brain a crushing idol,
Though the soul hath mercy plead.
Be its sapience aught but foolish,
Then discern how truly said
That of life's unmeted fabric
Science is a meagre shred.

“ Fetter not the mind with knowledge
Till the heart hath warped and bled ;
Know that ever truth with beauty,
Science is with nature wed,
And, like little children, simple,
Be to higher wisdom led.”

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY

William Augustus Muhlenberg, '15

I WOULD not live alway—live alway below!
Oh, no, I'll not linger when bidden to go:
The days of our pilgrimage granted us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer:
Would I shrink from the path which the prophets of
 God,
Apostles, and martyrs so joyfully trod?
Like a spirit unblest o'er the earth would I roam,
While brethren and friends are all hastening home?

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
Where seeking for rest we but hover around,
Like the patriarch's bird, and no resting is found;
Where Hope, when she paints her gay bow in the air,
Leaves its brilliance to fade in the night of despair,
And joy's fleeting angel ne'er sheds a glad ray,
Save the gleam of the plumage that bears him away.

I would not live alway—thus fettered by sin,
Temptation without and corruption within;
In a moment of strength if I sever the chain,
Scarce the victory's mine, ere I'm captive again;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears:
The festival trump calls for jubilant songs,
But my spirit her own *miserere* prolongs.

Pennsylvania's Verse

I would not live alway,—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
Where He deigned to sleep, I'll too bow my head,
All peaceful to slumber on that hallowed bed.
Then the glorious daybreak, to follow that night,
The orient gleam of the angels of light,
With their clarion call for the sleepers to rise
And chant forth their matins away to the skies.
Who, who would live alway? away from his God,

Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the songs of salvation exultingly roll
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

That heavenly music! What is it I hear?
The notes of the harpers ring sweet in mine ear!
And see, soft unfolding those portals of gold,
The King all arrayed in His beauty behold!
Oh give me, oh give me, the wings of a dove,
To adore Him—be near Him—enwrap with His love;
I but wait for the summons, I list for the word—
Alleluia—Amen—evermore with the Lord!

ON LINCOLN'S PORTRAIT

Anonymous, '99

A BROW that rises lofty and serene,
Yet scarred, like ocean's cliffs, with storms of time ;
Eyes that bespeak an honor so sublime
That scarce it knows the sordid and the mean ;
Yet lips whose yielding lines in contrast keen,
With the firm chin, betray thine only crime,
A heart too tender to endure to climb
Ambition's heights, and leave to pangs unseen
Those whom thy loss could save. Some souls combine
To destinies ; they suffer for their race
Of scorn and sorrow an unwonted share,
And yet have power to turn their secret care
To others' joy. And surely, if the face
Be index of the soul, such soul was thine.

Pennsylvania's Verse

CHARLES DICKENS

Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94

HE wrote of those who laugh and those who moan,
He touched the light chords and the mirth came
clear,—

He touched the deeper and the notes of Fear
Rang out and Sorrow's graver undertone
Hid in its depths the hunger-tortured groan
Of those whose only portion is a tear;
And whether joy or sorrow did appear
He clad them in a beauty all his own.

He wrote for all who read and not the few
Who view life's struggle from an easy-chair;
The stones of London nursed him and he grew
To love her, and when Fortune's smile was fair,
He looked into the human hearts he knew
And told the stories that were written there.

CLUB AND SMOKER

WHEN FRESH HE SMOKES

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

WHEN Fresh he smokes, I wonder why
He turns his eyes up to the sky,
And pulls a smile,
In ghastly style,
At Soph's most ancient, leathery jokes?
I wonder why
Such things I spy
When Fresh he smokes?

When Fresh he smokes, why doth it hap
So oft he gives his breast a slap,
And heaveth oft
A sigh as soft
As does the raven when he croaks?
I wonder me
Why this may be
When Fresh he smokes?

When Fresh he smokes, it would appear,
He feels inside a trifle queer;
With anxious face
He hies apace
To parts unsought by other folks;
And there, I ween,
Ensues a scene,
When Fresh he smokes!

[One hundred and thirty-five]

Pennsylvania's Verse

ECCENTRIC

Anonymous, '93

A COLLEGE chap in our town,
Whose ways were strange and queer,
Once "struck" a lager-beer saloon,
And "hit" a mug of beer.
And after he had drunk it down
With all his might and main,
He fell upon that mug once more
And drank it up again.

[One hundred and thirty-six]

WARNING TO FRESHMEN

Clayton Fotherall McMichael, '91

A LITTLE Fresh went out to swim,
And took a cake of soap with him,
And slimed each supple little limb.

And when he on the bank arrove,
One long, last downward look he gove,
And then into the water dove.

And trying to regain the top,
In vain, alas, he tried to flop—
He went so fast he could not stop!

His limbs were soaped from heel to hip—
He could not get a half-way grip—
For every time he tried he'd slip!

The water no resistance gave,
And so, beneath the murky wave,
He found a wet, untimely grave.

With thrilling, thundering, thumping thud
He struck the misty, moisty mud—
And turtles fatten on his blood.

We dedicate this little hymn
To all "Ye Freshie" of supple limb
Who soap themselves before they swim.

[One hundred and thirty-seven]

Pennsylvania's Verse

SNAKED

Anonymous, '90

YOUNG Sweldhed had a glorious lark

Out with the boys, in liquid bliss.

He started home long after dark,

And

then a thing this.

he saw like :~~~~~

[*One hundred and thirty-eight*]

I KNOW A FRESHMAN

Charles Irvin Junkin, '77

I KNOW a Freshman, a tiny little Freshman,
The dearest little Freshman that ever you did spy;
Idol of his dear papa, jewel of his dear mamma,
Dear to his sister as the apple of her eye.
Will his beard never grow any longer?
Will his voice never grow any stronger?
Will he smoke cigarettes then, forever,
Till Freshman year is o'er?

I know a Soph'more, a jolly, jolly Soph'more,
The biggest little Soph'more that ever you did see;
Fights like a billy-goat, crows with a brazen throat,
He loves nothing better than a spree.
Will his cane never grow any lighter?
Will he always continue a fighter?
Will he howl like a demon forever,
Till Soph'more year is o'er?

I know a Junior, a lazy, lazy Junior,
The softest little Junior that ever stole a curl;
He never keeps the rules, he's fond of boarding-schools,
He loves nothing better than a girl.
Will his eyes never grow any wilder?
Will his flames never grow any milder?
Will he sigh like a furnace forever,
Till Junior year is o'er?

[One hundred and thirty-nine]

Pennsylvania's Verse

I know a Senior, a solemncholy Senior,
The dryest piece of humbug on the dusty shelf;
He wears a silken hat and a dizzy red cravat;
He loves nothing better than himself.
Will his brain never grow any weaker?
Will his pride never grow any meeker?
Will he worship himself then, forever,
Till Senior year is o'er?

[*One hundred and forty*]

THE RAVING *

R. Priestley Hayes, '91

ONCE upon a midnight dreary,
As I wandered weak and "beery,"
From a Sophomore class dinner
 To my room on the fourth floor,
While I nodded, nearly napping,
Soon methought I heard a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping,
 Rapping at my chamber door.
Can it be a "Prof." I muttered
 Tapping at my chamber door?
" 'Tish the (hic!) *wine*-dand nothingsh more."

* Apro-Poe.

THE BOWL *

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

* * * "HEW me," quoth he, "a bowl,
Of such proportions huge that it shall make
The Bowlman's timorous, apprehensive soul
Quake in his boots, as mightiest mountains quake
When mice are born!" A furtive smile, yet bland
And tender as young onions, played about
The facial muscle of the man of brawn.
"Full fifty times," he said, "has this my hand
Hewn out the annual bowl, and all have gone
Through toughest campus wrangles and come out
Unscathed. Whoso is fly, may see them all
Stowed in the loft of Philomatheas's Hall."

* * * * *

They fought like Vandals, but, as has been so
For years on years, the Bowlman flew away
In raiment light yet unbebowed, and though
The bowl was hammered long on plug and curb,
'Twas borne intact from out the savage fray,
Lest, breaking, haply it might thus disturb
Tradition dear and ancient.

* Fragments from an Unfinished Epic.

[*One hundred and forty-two*]

MOSES TOOK THE RIVER COURSE

Dallett Fuguet, '89

Now Moses went to college, I think,
But did it very young,
For he was started in the course
'Fore he knew his mother tongue.
He was right in the rushes, too,
With canes on every side,
And yelled like mad, as I suppose,
While the flags waved as he cried.

Pennsylvania's Verse

THE GREEK CLUB

"O tempora! O mores!"

Anonymous, '84

I

(8 P.M.)

YES, first we shall study till midnight or so,
Then end with a light little supper,
For the *inner* man's pleasure and comfort, you know,
When we've worked half the night for the upper.

Oh, smile if you want to,—we really mean work,
Division of labor's the racket;
While here you sit *solus* and dig like a Turk,
Why, surely, good sense doesn't back it.

Good-bye then, I'll leave you to study, you grind,
Alone on your Homers and Platos,
But when we have finals you'll very soon find
This club work is no small potatoes.

II

(2 A.M.)

Hic! whash that? d' I learn any Plato, you shay,
Well, thish time we read it wi' horses,
Be—hic—cause we wanted it out o' the way,
F'r Smish set up supper—three courses.
[*One hundred and forty-four*]

Club and Smoker

So, she tha' we couldn't washe time on the Greek?

'N we dropped on the τὸ βούλης ἀντί;

F'r *spades* was'n' trumps, an' to *dig*, so to shpeak,

Kind o' dragged, so we played penny-ante.

Next time you come 'long an' I'll show you the fun,

'Tis a regular—hic—feash of reash'n.

Jus' nices' nightsh shtudy that I've ever done,

—Bes' picnic I've had the whole seash'n.

Pennsylvania's Verse

AT THE "KING OF PRUSSIA"

Thomas Dickson Finletter, '82

'Twas at the "King of Prussia,"
That we met a little crusher,
When Will and I a-walking went one breezy autumn
morn.

This charming little crusher!
How hard we tried to rush her!
But naught she'd have to do with us, but left us both
forlorn.

"Little Princess fair, of Prussia,
Pray bring some ale to us here!"
Thus Will and I in vain would try to slyly bring her
near.

But howe'er we tried to rush her,—
This dainty little crusher,—
She merely raised her voice unto the bar-keep thus:
"Zwei Bier."

[*One hundred and forty-six*]

*

SONNET *

H. D. C., '86

THOU noble structure on whose beams so strong
Men gain the land Hesperian, much desired,
Whose "draw," whose "cars," whose "mending"
make me tired,
To thee with reason do I tune my song,
For I have trod thee through the winter's sleet
When Blockley's zephyrs cooled my feverish haste,
And I have had a smell, almost a taste,
Of Rubber, Oil, and Tar. Thine incense meet!
When the four years are o'er and other eyes
Are filled with dirt, but no contractor's fees,
When other noses scent the Schuylkill breeze,
Be thou to them likewise a bridge of sighs
When, ere day dawns, they seek the U. of P.
Wind, dust, and odors I bequeath to thee.

* To the South Street Bridge.

Pennsylvania's Verse

U. P. CAFÉ⁸⁶*

Mary Hibbs Geisler, '02

IN the old hash-house at college, looking sadly from
the plate,

There's a custard pie a-settin', knowing that it's to be
ate;

For the dinner's on the table, and the dinner-bells they
say,

"Come you back, you Pennsylvanian, come you back
to this Café,

Come you back to the Café,

It is just across the way;

Can't you hear the spoons a-jinglin' from the club to
the Café?

Twenty cents you'll have to pay;

You'll die sometime, anyway.

Don't spend money at the Bartram,

But support our own Café.

Take me back to Pennsy's hash-house, where the best
is like the worst,

Where there ain't no table manners and a man can
raise a thirst;

For the dinner-bells are calling, and it's there that I
would be;

I don't care for this high living and the waiter's little
fee!

* With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

[*One hundred and forty-eight*]

Club and Smoker

Take me back to the Café!
Even though I'm miles away,
I can hear the spoons a-jinglin' in the cups at the Café!
Twenty cents I'd gladly pay;
I'll die sometime, anyway.
Oh, I want to be at Pennsy,
And support our own Café.

Pennsylvania's Verse

TO A LOCK OF HAIR

William Otto Miller, '04

MUTE treasure, hoarded with a miser's care,
Lest one stray strand escape a lover's eye,
Spun from the wealth of sweet Pandora's hair,
I live in you the life of days gone by.
Do you recall what studied carelessness,
A carelessness my ever constant care,
I used whene'er I breathed a low caress
Upon my love, my sweet Pandora there?

Ours was 'a love that knew no stammering,
A love that pulsed with feeling foreordained.
Our parts were peaceful, with no clamoring
Of rival lovers was our passion stained.
We plighted there, before we learned the arts
Of love as practised now, when studied glance
Is second nature, and the song of hearts
Rehearsed too oft in bacchanalian chants.

Her blush was Nature's own o'ermounting flush,
As even eyes of love were too intense
To view her then. No artificial brush
E'er brought to bloodless cheek that consequence.
Each day and night my passion grew more bold,
New meanings lined each oft-repeated word.
Each day and night my passion o'er I told,
While she with hand on trembling bosom heard.

[One hundred and fifty]

Club and Smoker

But while time is, is parting ; and there came
The time when love from love must take its leave.
Oh, that last hour to live when I could claim
Pandora's life as mine, her smiles receive !
'Twas in that last embrace I begged her give
Your sun-spun threads to cheer my absent heart ;
In warm love-glints my smouldering hope revive,
While fate adversely kept our souls apart.

* * * * *

Lo, change works change ; I found that all the heat
Of passion cooled within me, no more fed
With love's rich fuel. In its oft repeat
Is passion nurtured,—otherwise, 'tis dead.
My love and I since met, but we can brook
No more the subtle flow of heart to heart,—
Well, men are men when all is said. He took,
In last year's Mask and Wig, the soubrette part.

AN ANCIENT GRIEVANCE

Anonymous, '99

DEEP buried 'neath Assyria's barren plains,
Thousands of years before the present chronicle,
Forgotten lay the fruits of busy brains,—
The library of King Nazarbonichal.

When archæologists of later years
With patience and with picks unearthed the treasure,
The foremost find, a tablet huge appears
With this inscription, strange beyond all measure:—

“ All ye barbarians from far and near,
On pain of death, your babbling be suspended.
Loud conversation is forbidden here ;
This hall for use of students is intended.”

QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS

Me truncus illapsus cerebro Sustulerat, nisi Faunus ictum
Dextra levasset.—Car. I, xvii, 27.

Thompson Seiser Westcott, '82

MANY centuries ago, in the time of the Greeks,
When a man wore his paper shirt-collar ten weeks,
Lived a jolly old bachelor,—the manuscripts back
us,—

Whose name it was Quintus Horatius Flaccus.

CHORUS.

With his dactyls and spondees and iambic rhyme,
Grinding odes to his Lydia he spent all his time;
But he took the occasion, like good Father Ennius,
To build him a monument, *aere perennius*.

Now this jolly old gentleman, strange to relate,
Was most unaccountably harassed by fate;
He was crushed by the fall of a pine-tree, one day,—
Or at least so he would, had he been in the way.

When he went out a-sailing a great storm arose,
And the briny waves salted his brand-new store
clothes;
He was drowned in the depths with some forty-five
more,—
Or at least so he would, had he not swum ashore.
[*One hundred and fifty-three*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

But the worst of his story is yet to be told :
When his legs grew rheumatic and Lydia cold,
He died and is laid 'neath the Esquiline stones,—
Or at least so he'd be, did we not have his *Bohn's*.

CHORUS

With his dactyls and spondees and iambic rhyme,
Writing odes to his Lydia he spent all his time ;
Though he died and lies buried in Rome as they say,
He will live *in memoriam* many a day.

ON A LATE EDITION OF WEBSTER

Anonymous, '91

IN the dusty, dusty hall
Long he lingered,
Learnéd tomes both great and small
Oft he fingered.
Noiseless passed from shelf to shelf,
Like a sage ghost's dreary self.
Some great scholar, you infer,
Sought the food he'd most prefer?—
Nay! a spider
Who now in dissolution lies,—
On dusty books there were no flies
For this abridgèd Webster.

Pennsylvania's Verse

CRAMMING

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

SEE him pore
Over dog-eared, thumb-worn volumes of the deadeſt
kind of lore.

See him puff
At his dingy old clay pipe as though he'd never get
enough.

See him pore and ſee him puff!
See him ſcribble on his cuff!
For, though very fond of "baccy," he is likewise up
to ſnuff!

Hear him ſnore!
Hear the ruſtle of his "papers" as they flutter to the
floor.

See him nod,
Till his head upon the table bumps and thumps like
any clod.

Hear him ſnore and ſee him nod;
Spoil the child, but ſpare the rod,
Was the precept in the manſion where his boyhood's
brogans trod.

* * * * *

Hear him ſwear!
Why, quite blue with imprecations is the circumam-
bient air.

[*One hundred and fifty-six*]

Club and Smoker

See him smile,—

Like a too ambitious ostrich, that has dined upon a file.

Hear him swear and see him smile ;

He'll be better in a while,—

He was cramming for an honor, but he missed it by a
mile!

Pennsylvania's Verse

RUDOLPHUS AT THE GOAL

Henry Thornton Craven, '00

RUDOLPHUS J. DE QUINCY
Was captain of a team,
Whose men were brave and rugged,—
Whose strength was not a dream.
And, by the gods, he challenged
Another band of might
To meet him on a certain field,
Thereon to see which one should yield,
In superhuman fight.

And so the clansmen gather,
From hamlet, borough, town,
And each is confident that he
Will see his foe go down.
The while discordant music
Pervades the grassy dell,
And each one tries to drown in cries
His fierce combatant's yell.

The struggle is beginning,
The pigskins cloud the air.
A battle that is worse than war,
Whose like was never seen before,
Has stained the ground with ruddy gore,
And bits of flying hair.

[*One hundred and fifty-eight*]

Club and Smoker

The captain's wrath is rising,
And anger fills his soul.
In agony he glances round,—
Sees that his men are losing ground,
And swears though dead he may be found,
He must defend that goal!

“Bite off his nose! good Clarence!”
He orders to his men,
“While I stamp on his stomach
To stop the breath again.
The time is growing shorter,—
It is dark and hard to see.
Oh, who will stand on his right hand
And keep the goal with me?”

Then up spoke Larry Duffy,—
A half-back proud was he,—
“Lo, I will stand on his right hand,
And keep the goal with thee.”
And out spoke guard Mahoney,—
From Erin's Isle was he,—
“Faith, I will kill thim wretches, till
There's no one left but me!”

Then up spoke Percy Snodgrass,
And swore by his right hand,
That he “would paste those lobsters”
While yet he'd strength to stand.
And so eleven warriors,
With each a bitter soul,
Insanely slew their foemen to
Preserve that precious goal.

[One hundred and fifty-nine]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Some spinal cords were broken—
Some hearts were rent in twain—
Eyes, ears, and noses all around,
With fractured limbs, filled up the ground.
No single foe could e'er be found
Exactly whole again.

The while R. J. De Quincy
Was nearly mad with glee.
He summoned all his sturdy men;
Called them his "brave and worthy ten,"
Looked at his watch a while, and then
"The time is up!" quoth he.

THE BATTLE OF THE KEGS *

Francis Hopkinson, 1757

GALLANTS attend and hear a friend
Trill forth harmonious ditty,
Strange things I'll tell which late befell
In Philadelphia city.

'Twas early day, as poets say,
Just when the sun was rising,
A soldier stood on a log of wood,
And saw a thing surprising.

As in amaze he stood to gaze,
The truth can't be denied, sir,
He spied a score of kegs or more
Come floating down the tide, sir.

A sailor, too, in jerkin blue,
This strange appearance viewing,
First damn'd his eyes, in great surprise,
Then said some mischief's brewing.

* Founded on a real incident, when several kegs floating down the Delaware were thought to contain gunpowder, and were fired upon by the British.

[*One hundred and sixty-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

These kegs, I'm told, the rebels bold,
Pack'd up like pickling herring;
And they're come down t' attack the town
In this new way of ferrying.

The soldier flew, the sailor too,
And scar'd almost to death, sir,
Wore out their shoes to spread the news,
And ran till out of breath, sir.

Now up and down throughout the town,
Most frantic scenes were acted;
And some ran here, and others there,
Like men almost distracted.

Some fire cried, which some denied,
But said the earth had quaked;
And girls and boys, with hideous noise,
Ran through the streets half naked.

* * * * *

Then speaking of the effect on Sir William Howe:—

Now in a fright, he starts upright,
Awak'd by such a clatter;
He rubs both eyes, and boldly cries,
“For God's sake, what's the matter?”

At his bedside he then espy'd
Sir Erskine at command, sir;
Upon one foot he had one boot,
And th' other in his hand, sir.

[*One hundred and sixty-two*]

Club and Smoker

“ Arise! arise!” Sir Erskine cries ;

“ The rebels,—more’s the pity,—
Without a boat are all afloat,
And rang’d before the city.

“ The motley crew, in vessels new,
With Satan for their guide, sir,
Pack’d up in bags, or wooden kegs,
Come driving down the tide, sir.

“ Therefore prepare for bloody war ;
These kegs must all be routed,
Or surely we despised shall be,
And British courage doubted.”

The royal band now ready stand
All rang’d in dread array, sir,
With stomach stout to see it out,
And make a bloody day, sir.

The cannons roar from shore to shore,
The small arms make a rattle ;
Since wars began, I’m sure no man
E’er saw so strange a battle.

The rebel dales, the rebel vales,
With rebel trees surrounded ;
The distant woods, the hills and floods,
With rebel echoes sounded.

The fish below swam to and fro,
Attack’d from ev’ry quarter ;
Why, sure, thought they, the devil’s to pay,
’Mongst folks above the water.

[*One hundred and sixty-three*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

The kegs, 'tis said, though strongly made
Of rebel staves and hoops, sir,
Could not oppose their powerful foes,
The conqu'ring British troops, sir.

From morn to night these men of might
Display'd amazing courage;
And when the sun was fairly down,
Retir'd to sup their porrage.

An hundred men with each a pen
Or more, upon my word, sir,
It is most true, would be too few
Their valor to record, sir.

Such feats did they perform that day
Against these wicked kegs, sir,
That years to come, if they get home,
They'll make their boasts and brags, sir.

CHAMPAGNE

Thomas Blaine Donaldson, '99

BUBBLES that burst in seething Flood;
Wine of the Vine,—the Grapes' Heart Blood;
Hail to the Queen and her rollicking Reign!
Champagne! Champagne! Champagne!

Pennsylvania's Verse

A BOHEMIAN DRINKING SONG

Thomas Truxtun Hare, '01

HERE'S to the world for a dwelling!
Here's to the sky for a roof!
Here's to the trees with their murmuring breeze
And the nymphs their love-tale telling!

Drink to the life of Bohemia,
Drink to the life of the free!
Pity the slave in Society's wave,
And drink this toast with me!—

The sky above, the earth beneath,
The grass for a downy couch;
Or the smoky air of an artist's lair,
A glass in your hand, a pipe in your teeth.

Drink to the life of Bohemia,
Drink to the life of the free!
Strike off the chain of Society's reign,
And come away with me!

[*One hundred and sixty-six*]

A TOAST TO WASHINGTON *

Francis Hopkinson, 1757

'Tis Washington's health—fill a bumper around,
For he is our glory and pride;
Our arms shall in battle with conquest be crown'd,
Whilst virtue and he's on our side.

'Tis Washington's health—and cannoñs should roar,
And trumpets the truth should proclaim;
There cannot be found, search the world o'er,
His equal in virtue and fame.

'Tis Washington's health—our hero to bless,
May Heav'n look graciously down;
Oh! long may he live our hearts to possess,
And freedom still call him her own.

* Sung by soldiers of Continental army.

[*One hundred and sixty-seven*]

MARTIN LUTHER'S SONG

Anonymous, '83

GOOD wine's the greatest boon on earth,—
That's why God gave us wine,—
And so in drinking and in mirth
I'll pass this life of mine.

He does his duty as he ought
Who clinks his glass
And sings the mass
That Martin Luther taught—

(*Chorus, Boys!*) That Martin Luther taught!
Wer liebt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang
Er bleibt ein Narr sein lebenlang.
Und Narren sind wir nicht—
Nein, Narren sind wir nicht.

To true love fill and drink again!
That sets men's hearts ablaze,
A medicine for every pain,
It lightens gloomy ways.
What fool sets love and wine at naught?
Then kiss and sing
Like anything,
As Martin Luther taught!

(*Chorus, again.*)—As Martin Luther taught!
Wer liebt, etc.

[*One hundred and sixty-eight*]

Club and Smoker

Good songs delight each mother's son,
Sung out with trusty friends,—
A solace when the day is done,
A rest when labor ends.
Then never give your cares a thought,
But kiss and clink
And sing and drink
As Martin Luther taught!

(*Chorus by as many of you as can stand.*)—
As Martin Luther taught!
Wer liebt, etc.

Pennsylvania's Verse

TO THE FRIARS' SENIOR SOCIETY

George Linville Baker, '02

A JOLLY friar, black, white, or gray,
So fat and fond of trencher play,
That apple pies and frizzled kine
And mead and ale, O Saints Divine!
Your hunger and sore thirst allay.

Crease that round face with laughter gay,
Uplift a song or roundelay,
And show yourself to be in fine
A jolly friar.

An' please you, Father Abbot, pray
Disperse the ghosts of yesterday;
Encourage visions like the wine
Welling within this heart of mine,
That I may be for aye and aye
A jolly friar.

[*One hundred and seventy*]

E PLURIBUS UNUM

R. Priestley Hayes, '91

WHEN feeling drear for want of cheer,
I often take a mug of beer.
If rather pale and not quite hale,
Sometimes I quaff a pint of ale.
And when I dine with friends of mine,
I like a glass of rare old wine.
When flush am I, oftentimes I try
A pint or two of "extra dry,"
And when 'tis handy I sip my brandy,
Or else some cock-tails, punch, or "shandy."
But if perchance Augusta's letters lag,
I *mix them* and get on a royal jag.

THE TEN MONKS OF CASTLE NÉVERY

Felix E. Schelling, '81

THERE lived long, weary years ago,
Ten monks in castle Névery ;
Ten monks of sorrow and of woe,
Of downcast looks and movements slow,
Who, swinging censers to and fro,
Sang in sad voices quavery.

These monks were clad in orders gray,
These ten of castle Névery ;
They watched all night and prayed all day,
And starved themselves from June to May,
Until their flesh all fell away
From want of dishes savory.

They looked with loathing on a smile,
Did these ten monks of Névery ;
Denominated all things vile,
As monks alone are free from guile,
Counting their rosaries all the while,
And deprecating knavery.

And thus they lived for many a year,
These holy men of Névery ;
Worshipped, honored, far and near,
[*One hundred and seventy-two*]

Club and Smoker

Although allowed somewhat austere
For men who still were living here
'Mid human foibles wavery.

At length unto these good monks ten,
Who lived in castle Névery,
There came the holiest of men,
Of monks the leanest e'er has been ;
How sanctimonious, solemn, then,
Were these ten monks of Névery.

This monk, alas, I grieve to tell,
Who came to castle Névery,
Was no one but the Tempter fell
Who deals in craft, enchantment, spell,
And hurries souls below pellmell ;
A monster dreadful, yea, very.

He came, he saw ; now tell me, pray,
Of all these monks of Névery,
How many did he take away ?
How many left in orders gray ?—
He left them all, too thin were they
To roast, these ten of Névery.

Pennsylvania's Verse

DONALD'S WIFE

Charles Keen Taylor, '03

6747

O DONALD was a dousie man
Wha had a dorty wife,
An' sic a crabbit, doure dame
I ne'er saw in my life!
She hotch'd an' keckled sae, ane day,
Wi' sic a haith an' clatter,
The gudeman swoor wi' awfu' oath,
He wished Auld Hornie had 'er!
Then sudden was an awfu' clap
That amaist seemed to floor him,
There was a streak o' yellow light
An' Hornie stood before him.

Auld Nickie smiled an' snirtled too,
An' caught the sciechin' wonner,
He stamped his clootie, down went they
The braes an' dalies un'er.
Sa' Donald then, wi' grunzie wide,
"Auld Clootie maun be fou!
There'll be nae peace in ony place
Whaur he can tak her to."
Anither crash! Anither flash!
An' awfu' sulphur smell;
"Donald man, here's back your wife,
She canna stay in hell!

[One hundred and seventy-four]

Club and Smoker

My horns are loose, my ears ha' gane,

I' faith a tiger's cheaper!"

"Waes me!" cried Don, "what can I do

If Hornie canna keep her?"

Pennsylvania's Verse

RONDEAU

George Linville Baker, '02

WHEN Sylvia shops, I'm made aware
That mortal love's a small affair;
Determined brow and flashing eye
Are praised in vain. There's no reply,
So bundles huge I humbly share.

My timid queries "What?" and "Where?"
Bring bundles and a vacant stare,
For Cupid seems so very shy
When Sylvia shops.

But since I happen to be there,
The cash-boy tenders to my care
Another pack. Neglected—I
Must now and then repress a sigh.
My burden's more than I can bear
When Sylvia shops.

TAKING THE VEIL

Anonymous, '00

I

SHE took the veil! How light a thing
Can outweigh life and fling
Its chains about us like an iron ring.

II

She took the veil! No one was near,
Nor friend, nor kin, nor mother dear
To touch her hand or bid her cheer.

III

She took the veil!—
And one of Wanamaker's floor-walkers saw her take
it, and now she's doing ninety days at Cherry Hill.

Pennsylvania's Verse

AN IDYL OF THE STRAP

A. H. Q., '94

SHE spoke to me, her voice was low
And sweet
With hidden thought I could not know
Replete.
She cast on me a lingering look
That all my inmost being shook,
And, as our glances mixed, she took
My seat.

[*One hundred and seventy-eight*]

TRIOLET

Daniel Martin Karcher, '00

SHE left her parasol behind
The seat we long had chatted in.
To meet again she had a mind,
So left her parasol behind.
To tell her of it were unkind.
To let it stay there were a sin.
She left her parasol behind
The seat we long had chatted in.

THE ORIGIN OF SHOES

Edmund J. Burk, '95

It was the very witching time of night
When King Bibellus in dejected plight,
With memories of a fond and faithful She
Whom he had promised to be "home to tea,"
At last departed from the merry boys
And sought the partner of his wedded joys;
A fond hope lingering in his muddled brain
That he his royal couch might safely gain,
And there in slumber light pretend to doze,
And hoax his spouse with music from his nose.
With stealthy step he trod the marble stair
And gained with toil his room, but there——
When spring begins to loose the frozen ground
And wafts her sweet and fragrant breezes round,
Fair woman bares her strong and rosy arms
And revels in house-cleaning's varied charms.
She pulls the paintings from the frescoed walls,
And scrubs and scours all through the empty halls;
She pulls up carpets, mats, and Eastern rugs,
And stores the used-up tacks in plates and mugs.
From turret high down to the dungeon keeps,
With all her maids she scrubs and dusts and sweeps,
And knows no rest, and gives her hubby none,
Until house-cleaning work at last is done.
So it befell Bibellus on that night
That as he trod the hall without a light

[One hundred and eighty]

Club and Smoker

With all his weight he brought his foot, alack !
Upon a large and interesting tack.
Then rose from earth to sky a withering shriek
That fairly made the smoky rafters creak,
A loud, a long protracted note of woe
That echoed in the dungeons far below,
And from the castle turret's towering height
Resounded in the startled ear of night.

* * * * *

At early dawn within the market-place
The herald told his master's evil case,
And gave abroad to all the dread command
That ere another day should dawn, the land
Be carpeted and free from tacks and thorns
And ugly knobs that bruise the royal corns,
" Or else," and here the herald paused for breath,
" The royal council shall be put to death."
The wise men spent a long and dreary day
In vain attempts to find some easy way
To shun the headsman's keen and glittering axe,
And lay down Persian carpets without tacks.
But sombre night was drawing on apace
And yet they'd found no plan to suit the case ;
When from the crowd that curious stood about
A horny-handed son of toil stepped out.
" If now the royal feet are clad," said he,
" The whole wide world at once will seem to be
As soft and easy as the finest down
That ever went to pad a royal crown."
With shouts of praise the council hailed the plan,
And ere another working day began

[*One hundred and eighty-one*]

Pennsylvania's Verse

The king was shod in sandals stout and strong
Held on his royal foot by leathern thong.
And as a living proof of what I say,
Observe the shoes upon men's feet to-day.

JANUARY

Irwin Shupp, Jr., '04

Ho! for the days of ice and snow,
Of brisk and bracing weather;
When love and beauty gliding go
Across the ice together.

Ho! for the days of ice and snow,
When Cupid hugs the fire,
Or, venturing forth, he must add to
His usual attire!

•

THE EARLY WORM

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

YOUNG Robin, on a morning vernal,
About to leave the nest paternal,
Was by his mother much caressed,
And by his father thus addressed :
“ My son, I’ve but a single word ;
Remember that the early bird
Devours the worm. Good-bye.” “ Adieu !”
The youngster cried, and off he flew.

Next morning, scarcely had the sun
His work of painting clouds begun,
When, with determination firm,
Young Robin sought the early worm.
But all too early ; none appeared,
And Robin, much disgusted, sneered
At ancient saws, and to a limb
Near by retired to wait for him.

But here, by balmy airs enwrapped,
It was not long before he napped,
And woke, with jealous rage to squirm
At seeing the unhappy worm
Tight gripped within his father’s beak.
“ ’Tis plain,” he thought,—too vexed to speak,—
“ That they alone may fortune reach
Who never practise what they preach.”

[One hundred and eighty-four]

Club and Smoker

His father caught the angry glance,
And chirped, "Eternal vigilance
Must be the price of worms." Alas!
The farmer's dog chanced then to pass,
And all for sport made at the bird,
Who fled without another word.
The grateful worm swore stoutly then
He ne'er would rise so soon again!

Pennsylvania's Verse

HOW KNOWS HE SUMMER COMES? *

Anonymous, '84

I, THE great Muse, singing a song;
You listening, breathless, paying attention,
Giving heed, delighted.
Who are you, anyhow?
I know you; you know me; we know us, ourselves,
Each other. We are one, even you and the great
Muse.
We have suffered: we live, exist, be, in boarding-
houses.
My song: How knows he summer comes? What is it?
An Idyl,
A spring poem.
A sickly poet; a sicker editor;
The well-equipped office; desks, pens, and paper,
Ink, busy reporters, the waste-basket.
Type, presses, the whirling wheels, compositors,
The devil, a complete establishment.
The huge city, streets, wagons, noise, confusion,
Young men toiling, going home in the evening to sleep.
The bed in the boarding-house. It is a warm night.
He calls for the hush of sleep to calm his nerves,
Seeking wearily for refreshment. It comes not, why?
Cats, indigestion, lobster salad, fried oysters,
Night-mare? It is not these.

* By Walt Bitman.

[*One hundred and eighty-six*]

Club and Smoker

What then? Bites. He greets the harbinger of summer.

Hail! thou disturber of midnight dreams;
The tired man, eyes closed, peaceful snores.

The buzzing insect, tickling, biting, here, there, everywhere,

Desperation, gas flares, floor strewn with bed-clothes.

The crazy man, the diligent search, the sharp rap, the

Dying creature, the kicking of minute legs.

The coming of sweet relief. Gas out, the striving for
Sleep once more in vain. More of the dream busters.

The straight-backed chair, the man trying to sleep in it,

And the cold in the head. The day, another night.

More sameness, the summer bringing much more sameness.

He knows the summer comes.

Pennsylvania's Verse

WILL IT BE?

Wells Dunkler Reed, '93

SWEET, petite,
Pretty feet ;
Neat, complete,
White as candles.

Awful heat ;
Indiscreet,
On the street
Clad in sandals.

[*One hundred and eighty-eight*]

TO THE LAST OF THE MOSQUITOES

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

NAY, live! thou slender, flighty thing,
Frail relic of a fleeting past;
Stern Winter all too soon shall bring
Thy ruin in his chilly blast.
Live! let no heartless mortal wreak
A mean revenge on thee because
Thou tookst, forsooth, in playful freak,
His cuticle within thy jaws.

I harm thee? No! be not afraid.
Such gay conceits from thee I glean!
Who knows? perchance thou mayest have played
Upon the bosom of the Queen!
Perchance thy veins convey a stream
Of princely blood. Well may it be,
Thy tuneful voice has been the theme
Of beauty and nobility.

But, stay! 'Twere sacrilege to blend
Blood royal with plebeian. Why,
Still mayst thou, dapper knight, descend
E'en to such humble game as I!
Perish the thought! I reverence
Thy lofty past; but earth is rife
With pleasures that degrade, and hence
With loyal hand I take thy life.

[One hundred and eighty-nine]

Pennsylvania's Verse

DU SUBLIME AU RIDICULE

Felix E. Schelling, '81

SHE was fair, aye, as fair as a goddess immortal;
Her glances would madden a hermit austere;
Ah! how well I remember, we stood by the portal
And gazed on the moonlit sea, glittering clear.
The wavelets danced onward and broke into foaming
And rippled receding in curves on the sand.
And I thought how I'd give up my bachelor roaming
And offer her humbly my heart and my hand;
How fortunate, too, for the nonce that we are rid
Of matrons and sisters by this swift retreat.
She broke in on my thoughts, "Mr. Jones, you are
horrid
To bring me out here for mosquitoes to eat."

[*One hundred and ninety*]

COUNTRY AND TOWN

Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94

SUMMER's reign is nearly past
Over farm and hill,
Work is finished now at last,
All the world is still.
Dolly, with her pretty hands,
Lays the meal again,
Then beside the doorway stands,
Waiting for the men.

'Mid the tumult of the town
Summer fades and dies.
Twilight gives to earth a crown,
Evening gems the skies.
In her parlor after tea,
Just from eight to ten,
Sitteth lonely Dorothy,
Waiting for the men.

A SEPTEMBER SOLILOQUY

Walter Clarke Rodman, '77

TEN weeks away, and not one offer, there!
 'Tis too provoking!
Unwed at twenty-four? The theme won't bear
 Too frequent joking.
Ten fruitless weeks! Ah well, 'tis jolly fun,
 This light flirtation,
But then, alas! the process beggars one
 Like all creation!

Eight mateless gloves! The others, where are they?
 Despite my prudence,
Begged, borrowed, stolen, spirited away
 By love-sick students.
Six missing handkerchiefs; fans, ribbons, quite
 Incalculable.
Luckless campaign, that leaves me in a plight
 So lamentable.

Boy, man, or patriarch—no matter which—
 Feels my enthrallment,
Begs of my favorite, most expensive switch
 A small instalment;
Secretes it next his silly heart, and then,
 Content with prosing
A compliment or two, goes off again—
 Without proposing!

* * * * * * *

[One hundred and ninety-two]

Club and Smoker

Who's knocking, Jane? What, Mr. Brown below?

Poor faithful dunce!

He's watched the house all summer long, I know,

To call at once!

Three flat refusals and a score of snubs

Have failed to shake him—

He'd make the very docilest of hubs—

Suppose I take him?

TOEING THE LINE

E. J. E., '93

THE Christmas carols had been sung ;
The guests had turned to go ;
Down from the chandelier there hung
A spray of mistletoe.

Beneath, along the polished floor,
A clear-marked line there ran ;
No face was peering at the door ;
I was alone with Nan.

Her hair in ripples ringed her brow,
An aureole divine ;
Then courage came—I know not how—
I dared her toe the line.

She smiled a roguish smile, and fleet
She gave a dainty trip—
And oh, the honey, Hybla-sweet,
I tasted from her lip !

A few more months and I opine
(Perhaps you'd like to know)
'Twill be the matrimonial line
This charming Miss 'll toe.

[One hundred and ninety-four]

PHEW !

Anonymous, '96

It was dark in the hall,
And I thought it was Sue!
They're equally tall—
It was dark in the hall—
But I knew by her squall
That I'd gone and kissed Prue!
Alas! it was dark in the hall,
And I thought it was Sue!

Pennsylvania's Verse

GIVE AND TAKE

R. Priestley Hayes, '91

I ATE a philopena,
 "Give and take,"
Sitting tête-à-tête with Lena
 By the lake.
No one else in sight, you see,
An idea came to me,
And I caught her by a kiss.
There was naught unfair in this.
 Give and take.

[*One hundred and ninety-six*]

SHE TOLD ME THIS

Leslie Clyde Lyon, '95

SHE told me this,
I know not why
She told me this,
She'd ne'er been kissed.
Then much you've missed,
To her said I.
She told me this,
I know not why.

THREE STRIKES—OUT

Charles Howard Hagert, '85

THE clock strikes one,
They sit apart.
“I would that I were a bird,” said he,
And then he softly sighed;
“That I were love's white dove, ah me!
To hover by thy side.”

“I would that I were a cage,” said she,
While her drooping eyelids hide;
“That I might a prison be for thee
To keep thee by my side.” .
The clock strikes two,
With heart to heart.

“Would I were a gun,” the father said,
As he glided down the stair;
White dove grew red as he mentioned bed
With a dark paternal glare.
The clock strikes three,
Arise—depart.

SILHOUETTES

Arthur Hobson Quinn, '94

LOVERS spark
In the dark.
Twilight dim,
Father grim.
Ugly sound,
Great big hound,
Air grows warm,
Lover's arm
Leaves her waist.
Painful haste,
"Catch him, Jack."
(In the back.)
Goes home sore,
Comes no more.

Pennsylvania's Verse

HER ANSWER

William Howard Falkner, '83

O'ER the ocean's heaving bosom
Gently blew the evening wind;
Swift our ship sped o'er the ocean,
With a wake of foam behind.

From the stern we watched the billows
Break in crests of silvery white,
While, its soft enchantment lending,
Fell the pale moon's mellow light.

Dark brown eyes look up so shyly,
Soft cheeks never looked so fair.
Wanton breezes, fond caressing,
Sported midst her sunny hair.

Then—well, you know what I told her!
And I thought that she seemed moved;
Gently slipped my arm around her,
There it lay, all unproved.

With an eager heart I watched her
While my eyes retold the tale,
Till it seemed *her* glance grew tender,
And her face turned somewhat pale.

[*Two hundred*]

Club and Smoker

So I spoke with voice that trembled,
 “Alice, dear, you can’t say no.”
Faintly came the waiting answer,
 “Jack, I’ve got to go below.”

LOVE AND SCIENCE

J. Merritt Matthews, '95

I'VE often thought how sweet 'twould be
If I could fall in love with thee.
I'd like to feel the rapturous glow
That only lovers are said to know;
The burning hope, the wild desire,
The fierceness of the passion's fire.
I'd like to clasp thee to my breast,
And notice if my pulse increas'd;
I'd count its beats, you may be sure,
And then I'd take its temperature.
Ten observations I would make,
And then a mean of all I'd take;
Each observation I would then
Repeat on different girls again,
And from these data, trace, you see,
My curve of sensibility.
I'd also slyly steal a kiss
For chemical analysis.
By various methods I would treat it—
If any failed, of course repeat it—
From its constituents I'd deduce
A formula for lovers' use.
Some alcohols I think I'd find
'Mongst other things in a kiss combin'd,
Because—I hardly need to state—
A kiss is apt to intoxicate;

[Two hundred and two]

Club and Smoker

And saccharose perhaps I'd meet,
Since kisses are so awfully sweet.
From various girls I'd take some samples
For analytical examples,
In order to compare and see
If different kisses did agree.
I'd also ask you for a sigh
A gas analysis to try;
Extracting by experiment
Some concentrated sentiment.
A tender glance would also be
Of special interest to me.
In fact each various phase of love
Of scientific worth would prove,
And much we'd learn about the passion
Investigated in this fashion.
A thesis then I would prepare,
My great discoveries to declare;
And then I think that my degree
A Doctorate of Love should be.

Pennsylvania's Verse

LOVE

Frederick L. Paxson, '98

To hev a sinkin' feelin' in the region of the heart,
To feel a goneness likewise 'round in ev'ry neighborin'
part,
To be a wantin' somethin' that you somehow can't
express,—
To hev a heart a-thumpin' out a mighty tenderness;
To hev a sort of hankerin' for a girl (that hasn't
thruv),
Though it's likely over-eatin', yet it's may-be only love.

[Two hundred and four]

THE PUNISHMENT

Felix E. Schelling, '81

IN earliest times, long ere the day
Prometheus stole his flame from heaven,
Mankind was double, so they say,
And had two heads, limbs one and seven.

Whene'er he walked or took a stroll,
He followed not our locomotion,
But, wheel-like, hand o'er foot, he'd roll
In graceful curves,—a glorious notion.

Alas! it grieves us sore to tell,
Duplicity, for all were double,
Was common then, and lying fell,
Which gave poor Jove a heap of trouble.

This was not all. These ancient twins
Were always quarreling with each other,
Which, added to their other sins,
Made great Jove's wrath too much to smother.

At length, all end to patience came.
He snatched his lurid bolts of thunder,
And, hurling with unerring aim,
He rent the wretched wights asunder.

[Two hundred and five]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Since then, each, without thought or pause,
Has rushed to find his half or double;
Which rash proceeding is the cause
Of all the matrimonial trouble.

THE SERENADE

Thompson Seiser Westcott, '82

At the window Chloe stands;
In a rhythmic undulation
Sway the filmy curtains slow
To the night wind's soft vibration.

Bright the flush that dyes her cheek,
As she hears again upwelling
From the garden's shadowed walk
Passioned notes of love foretelling.

Does she draw her wrapper close
Round her throbbing breast, I wonder?
No; she only drops her shoe
On the felines raising thunder.

AN AFTER-THOUGHT *

Anonymous, '83

I LOVED thee when thou wert but young and coy,
Soft as the down upon the gosling's wing,
Thou tender firstling of my youth, thou thing
Of beauty?—Well, perhaps not, but a joy
Forever. Ah! how was I wont to toy
With thine incipient growth! how wont to bring
Imagination's aid 'gainst bantering
Of those who would my hope, my pride alloy.
And must I henceforth live, a barefaced boy,
To cut thee so, though now thy praise I sing?
Did I not steal with steel all tempering
Of woe? What joy is left, what hope ahoy?
Beards, like events, forthcoming shadows fling,
But those gone by are shades of former joy.

* Written in distress.

AT GETTYSBURG

George Wharton Pepper, '87

You take your stand upon the ground
Where Hancock fought so well.
You look with pity at the mound
Which shows where Cushing fell.
Your heart beats faster as you spy
Old Round-Top's lofty head
Across the fields—now thick with rye,
But planted then with dead.
A monument, close by your side,
Relates some valiant deed,
And o'er the place where heroes died
Their deathless names you read.
You mark the peaceful homes which dot
The wide historic plain;—
A fascination haunts the spot
Where Pickett charged in vain.
Your heart is full; mayhap a tear
To check in vain you strive,
When nasal tones salute your ear
With "*Bullets! Two fer five!*"

Pennsylvania's Verse

TOMMY AND HIS GUN

Clayton Fotherall McMichael, '91

COME listen, little girls and boys,
While I a tale relate,
About a little boy named Tom,
Whose age was almost eight.
Tom was a wilful, headstrong boy,
Who thought it lots of fun
To scare his mother half to death
By blowing in a gun.

One day, a stranger came that way,
As strangers oft had done;
But this one left behind the door
A double-barrel gun.
"Ha! ha!" quoth Tom,—that artful boy,—
"I never saw one such;
If single barrels make such noise,
This must make twice as much."

So Tommy took the double gun
Straight to his mother fast;
"It isn't loaded, Ma!" he said,
And blew a mighty blast!
And Tommy, where is Tommy now?
A halo round his head?
Not much; it was not loaded, just
As little Tommy said.

[*Two hundred and ten*]

HOW THREE WERE MADE ONE

Anonymous, '93

A CANNIBAL maid and her Hottentot Blade
They met in a rocky defile ;
A gay eagle plume was his only costume,
The lady was wrapt in a smile.
Together they strolled, and his passion he told
In a pleading and tremulous tone,
Whilst softly they trod on the blossom-strewn sod
And spooned in the twilight alone.

Then sweetly she sighed, as she shyly replied,
With a tender and fairy-like mien, '
She murmured the word when a war-whoop was heard,
A rival had burst on the scene.
A savage Zulu, to the trysting-place drew,
Demanding his Cannibal bride ;
But the Hottentot said, with a toss of his head,
" I will have thy degenerate hide."

The Hottentot flew at the savage Zulu ;
The Zulu he went for the Blade,
And fiercely they vied in their strength and pride,
And fought for the Cannibal maid.
She perched on a stone, with a shapely shin-bone
Clasped tight in her tapering arms,
Watched the blood fly with a love-laden eye,
Whilst the warriors fought for her charms.

[Two hundred and eleven]

Pennsylvania's Verse

Then fiercer they fought and the ringing blows caught,
 With thrust, with parry, with punch;
She said, with a smile, "In a very short while
 I will have those fellows for lunch."
The purple blood flows from the Hottentot's nose,
 The Zulu is struck by the Blade;
Then each of them sighed, as gasping he died,
 And looked on the Cannibal maid.

She made a nice stew of the savage Zulu,
 And scrambled the Hottentot's brains;
'Twas a dainty menu when the cooking was through,
 And she dined on her lovers' remains.
The savage Zulu and the Hottentot, too,
 Both sleep in a Cannibal tomb,—
Thus three were made one, and the story is done,—
 The maiden strolled off in the gloom.

